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SONG.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We walked beside the summer woods,
The richest sunshine edged the shadows,
And mixed with light a brook ran bright
To reach its meadows.

Along the forest's morning side
A pleasant channel it had hollowed,
And where it led with fearless tread,
Our young feet followed.

But when we reached the alder hedge,
A second lonely stream we sighted,
With whose pure tide our little guide
Its own united.

Then past the maiden-flowers that smiled
As if it all they comprehended,
Through meadows gay their wedded way
Seaward they wended.

She whom I loved was by my side;
That woodland sight was sweet suggestion;
My heart was spurred and there she heard
Love's anxious question.

Her answer floated through that gleam
As soft as floats through air a feather,
And like those brooks our lives since then
Have flowed together.

G. J.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

NURSE AND PRIEST.

Notwithstanding the early hour at which Agnes had made her visit to the village doctor, he was already up and away, having been sent for to one of his numerous but ill-repaying patients in a neighboring hamlet; so she turned her steps whither she had originally half resolved on going, namely to the Priory. But here, too, she was doomed to meet with disappointment, for the dishevelled page who answered her summons, informed her that his "missus" had been bad all night, and that he himself was under orders to run down to Dr. Carstairs to ask him to step up. Agnes knew that Mrs. Newman was not one to send for medical advice at five shillings per visit, except from urgent need, and hence, not without grave misgivings, at once repaired to that lady's chamber. She found her flushed and feverish, after a sleepless night, consequent, in reality, although she ascribed it to other causes, upon the mental conflict and emotion of the previous day—her determination to be reconciled with her brother, and her heroic resolve to give up all claim upon his property—and if not seriously ill, at all events much too indisposed to receive the information which she had come to convey concerning Richard's visit and Mr. Carlyon's danger. There was nothing for it therefore but to wait at the house with as much appearance of unconcern as she could put on, until the doctor came, which did not happen for some hours.

After the interview with his patient, Agnes unfolded to him in private all that had occurred during the past night, and he sought his advice and assistance. He did not for a moment doubt (as she had almost apprehended he would) the actual facts of her narration; he had too high a respect for her common sense to ascribe any of them to hallucination; but from the opinion which he had himself formed of her cousin's character, he thought it exceedingly improbable that he would be as good or bad as his word.

"In the heat of passion, my dear Miss Agnes, and smarting under the bitter sense of disappointment, I can imagine this unhappy young man making use of any menace, and meaning, while he spoke, to carry it into execution. But any interval of time with him would produce first irresolution and then repentance. He is quite incapable—unless his nature has altered much for the worse of late—of seeking out a rival with the intention of slaying him in cold blood."

"But if he is mad, Mr. Carstairs—if he is downright mad?"

"Mad he could scarcely be to have spoken so rationally as you represent him to have done. That his brain is liable to be affected by any violent emotion I do not doubt; but that, on the other hand, he has nothing of the crafty and malicious scheming of the madman about him I feel positively certain. Do not alarm yourself, my dear young lady. Believe me there is no such danger as you picture to yourself. But at the same time I will take care to put Carlyon on his guard. I will write to him by this afternoon's post. There—will that content you?"

"I suppose that is all which can be done," returned Agnes, sighing. "But how frightful a peril, how hideous a crime, is this which you talk of with such calmness. May

God have mercy upon him, and turn his heart while there is yet time."

"Nay, Miss Agnes, if what you fear be true, there is no question of God's forgiveness in the matter; it is His own hand which has afflicted him."

Agnes's white cheeks flushed to the forehead; the surgeon had misunderstood her; her last words had referred to Carlyon; but she did not reply. Mr. Carstairs regarded her fixedly, at first with wonder, then with a look of pity.

"He shall be warned this very day, I promise you," reiterated he. "I will go home now and write the letter."

And he did so. The letter came to John Carlyon, only to remain unopened on his desk, because six hours too late to give effect to its contents.

Upon the afternoon of the third day, while he still lay fevered and unconscious, the nurse that waited upon him was called out—he being fast asleep—to see two strangers; one an elderly gentleman, who announced himself as an intimate friend of the sick man, the other a young lady, very beautiful, but with an air of intense mental suffering.

"You need not tell me who this is, sir," said the garrulous old woman, dropping a conciliatory curtsey; "it's Mr. Carlyon's sister. And very pleased am I to see you, mum—not like some nusses as might be jealous of not being let to do everything for the poor dear. I was the first to say you should be sent for; not as I feared the 'sponsibility'—"

"How is your patient, woman?" broke in the male visitor, unceremoniously. "I am a medical man myself, so you may speak the truth in as few words as possible."

"I ax your pardon, sir, I am sure," said the nurse, humbly, and with an evident effort to curtail her loquacity; "better, sir, better; but he has had a bad time of it, and is not his own self in his head yet. It is his sister here as will do him the most good, as soon as he begins to come round. He has done nothing but call for you, mum, when he's awake, and mean about you in his sleep; it's 'Agnes! Agnes!' with him from morning to night."

Agnes started and trembled violently, but Mr. Carstairs promptly came to the rescue.

"Very proper—very natural, nurse," said he; "but, you see, you make the young lady nervous, and since she has come to help you nurse him, that will not do. At what time does Mr. Martin make his visits?"

"Well, sir, he has been here this morning, and he will come again at four or so; that is, in about an hour's time. But there is no reason why you should not come and see the poor gentleman at once; unless indeed the young lady is not used to a sick room."

"She is as good a nurse as there is in London, my good woman," answered Mr. Carstairs. "Mr. Martin and I are old friends, and I am sure he will make no objection to my presence, so you may lead the way."

His three days' fever, although intermittent, and at times leaving him quite conscious of what was passing, had wasted Carlyon's giant form to a mere shadow. His eyes, fast shut, reposed in two hollow caves. His head, moving uneasily from side to side, was shorn of its brown curls. One large hand lay motionless upon the coverlet, bleached and thin; the other was thrust beneath his pillow.

"You find your brother sadly altered, miss. I don't doubt," whispered the nurse; "but, bless you, he'll come round yet. The wound is healing very nice. It is deep enough indeed, but it runs crosswise, so thanks to the villain as stabbed him. What saved his precious life was the little Bible as he carried in his breast-pocket; that stopped one blow altogether and turned the other towards the collarbone. The doctor has the book, with half the leaves stuck through, against when the trial comes on, if they have the luck to catch the scoundrel, which I should like to pull his legs myself upon the gallows' tree. But see, the poor dear is waking up a bit."

With a weary sigh, that told more of oppression than relief, the sick man opened his eyes. Unexpressed and dim enough they looked, but they had lost the glitter of the fever-fire.

"He is coming to himself," whispered the nurse to Agnes, who mechanically had shrunk behind the curtain at the bed's head. Mr. Carstairs, on the other hand, was standing by the fire, in full view of Carlyon. The latter, however, took no notice of him, taking it for granted probably that he was his usual medical attendant. With difficulty the sick man drew forth the hand that lay beneath the pillow, and looked piteously at the empty palm.

"That's what he always do when he wakes," whispered the nurse, with that triumphant zest which the ignorant exhibit when imparting information. "It's a sign that he wants to have his hands washed."

"Well, Carlyon, my good fellow, don't you know me?" inquired Mr. Carstairs, gently, as he approached the bed. "You have had a bad bout of it, but we shall soon

set you up again. I have come up to London on purpose to see it done."

"You're a good soul, Carstairs," murmured the sick man, smiling feebly. "Take my hand and shake it, for I can't shake yours. God bless you!"

"Those are pleasant words to hear from your lips, my friend; they give me hope that He has blessed you."

"I hope so. At all events, I have given up the fight against Him, Carstairs. He was too strong for me, and I have made my submission. Perhaps I should have done it earlier, but for—Here he paused, and a look of unutterable tenderness stole over his haggard features. "Where the bribe is very large, an honest man turns his head the other way, and keeps it so as long as he can, and, oh, my friend, what a bribe was offered me!"

"Nay, nay; I must go away if you excite yourself thus, Carlyon. I do not come here to do you harm but good. You may smile at that lackadaisical manner, and shake your head as much as you please, but I say 'good' and good for evil, too, considering that you have already made my prophecy of no effect, and intend, I dare say, for contradiction's sake, to get as well and strong as ever."

"Not so, my friend, do not deceive yourself," returned Carlyon, gravely; "nor do I wish to live."

"Very well, we will talk about that when you are convalescent, and can argue the matter on fair terms. When a man is so ill as you have been, he sometimes feels like one who accidentally finds himself near a place he means some day to visit, but had no present intention of doing so; it is not worth while, he thinks, since he is so high the grave-mouth, to turn. Such thoughts, however, do not become a man of courage. You were looking for something beneath the pillow, my friend; what was it?"

"A very little matter, Carstairs; a very foolish matter, as it will seem to you. But there is a little note in your desk—it lies on the right-hand, just as you open it—which I like to have under my pillow."

Mr. Carstairs gave it to him, and as he did so, could not but notice the handwriting of the address.

"You know from whom it came, my friend," said the sick man.

"Yes."

"All the world might read it. When next you are asked to dinner, it will be in the self-same phrase; and yet this is the dearest thing I have. They are the first words and the last—save one, which you have seen—that I ever had from her. God bless her!"

"If she were to come and nurse you, Carlyon, in your sister's place, but at your sister's special wish, what would you say then?"

"I would say that heaven had wrought a monstrous miracle, and sent an angel with the devil's own credentials."

"Hush, hush, Mr. Carlyon," said Agnes, stepping from behind her screen; "do not wrong your sister thus. God has touched your heart as I had hoped He had touched yours, and she loves you and prays to Him for you."

Carlyon's face was lit up with a great glow of joy, and he strove to raise himself to greet her; but the effort was beyond his strength, and he fell back with a feeble groan.

"Remember, young lady," interposed Mr. Carstairs, firmly, "you are Mr. Carlyon's nurse, and not his priest, here. I must have no such talk as this—at least, not now."

And Agnes obeyed him. "Sister Agnes," as Carlyon called her throughout her mission, and as Mr. Martin came to call her when he found how well she deserved the title.

A breezy, jocular, health-diffusing man was the doctor—an old friend and fellow-student of Mr. Carstairs, as it happened—who, living close by, had been called in by happy chance to the wounded man.

After a day or two, the country practitioner went home, feeling sure that he had left his friend in safe hands, and leaving behind him Agnes and widow Maroon, who had accompanied the former to town, since her suspicions of Cuba's having some confederate hand in the recent calamity, forbade her taking her own attendant. It was, doubtless, very "bold," and "dangerous," and "indecorous," in the eyes of some people (although Mrs. Newman had both approved of pressed her doing so) that she should help to nurse Carlyon every day; but I do not think Agnes was much distressed by that consideration—having a Great Adviser whom she was wont to consult in all matters—even if she entertained it at all. And indeed such misgivings were totally out of place. It was true that the sick man grew stronger, and bade fair to make a complete recovery from his wound; but he still considered himself, as did Agnes likewise, as a doomed man. His heart had troubled him of late so incessantly that he could not forget that his days were surely numbered; and she, so soon as he could bear it, had pressed the claims of religion upon him with the earnestness inspired by the same conviction. Their behavior was very far from that of lovers. She read to him from that same book whose

resistance to the cruel steel had saved his life, and he listened like one upon whose favored ears fall the very harmonies of heaven; but all her influence, all her charms, were made to serve that cause alone to which Carlyon was slowly but surely being won; she had no thought, no dream of winning him, except for God.

He had received a letter from Mrs. Newman, the contents of which, perhaps, penetrated him more than all else with the sense of this young girl's goodness. He had reproached himself somewhat with not having written to his sister upon the occasion of Jodiah's death; that opportunity passed, it seemed well-nigh impossible that they should become friends; and lo! now the overture of reconciliation had actually emanated from her. Who but Agnes could have brought this about, and by what other means than those to which she herself attributed it—that faith by which miracles were said to have been wrought of old?

Agnes told him of Mrs. Newman's revelations for her concerning the disposal he had made of his property by will, and of that lady's subsequent self-denial.

"I could not have believed it," said he, gravely, "from any other lips than yours. What a pang it must have caused poor Meg!"

"Yes, Mr. Carlyon," said Agnes, with an answering smile; "but you must not inflict it a second time. Under no possible circumstances should I have taken, or would I take one shilling of that which she so highly values, and which should naturally revert to her; but the gift must come directly from your hands, and not through mine."

"What, must I make another will then, and leave you nothing?"

"Certainly. What right have I to what you have to leave? Nay, even what need of it?"

"You will let me bequeath you Red Berild, however, the horse that saved your life to bless mine—the horse that you sketched on Greycrag's lawn in those happy summer days, Agnes?"

"Yes; you may leave me Red Berild, Mr. Carlyon, if my acceptance of it will please you," said she, softly. "I have been to see him since I came; Mr. Carstairs took me; the noble creature looked so wistfully for the master that we could not bring."

"Poor Berild! You will ride him for my sake, Agnes; he is very quiet, and after a little you will find that you may guide him—as you did his owner—with a word."

So, like two children in a churchyard, into whom enters no natural thought of mirth and play, because of the open grave close by them, and of its expected tenant, Agnes and John Carlyon spoke not of earthly love and scarce of this world at all.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CONSULTATION AND ITS RESULTS.

When Carlyon was well enough to lie on the sofa, and take his meals with the enthusiasm incident to a convalescent after fever, Mr. Martin announced his own occupation to be gone. "I never stay where I am not really wanted," said the cheery surgeon, "but if you like being doctored, I will send you a man who will stick by you, and give you pills as long as you choose to take them. In my opinion you are cured."

"Cured of my wound?" returned Carlyon, slowly. "Yes, thanks to you, sir, I feel that I am. This is not the first time that I have been deeply indebted to your profession."

"Ah, well, I hope you'll never need to see any one of them again."

"Thank you," returned the patient, smiling. "I shall be always glad, however, to see you again, Mr. Martin—that is, at dinner; and likewise our good friend Carstairs."

"Ah, capital fellow, Carstairs," assented the surgeon, cheerfully, at the same time walking to the door and opening it as though to make sure that the nurse was out of earshot. Agnes had been sent out by his own edict that afternoon for a "constitutional" with Mrs. Maroon, in the park, for the recent change from her usual active habits at Mellor had begun to tell upon her somewhat.

"A capital good fellow is Carstairs, and a man of science too, but crotchety; between ourselves, sir, infernally crotchety. We were students together at Guy's."

"Were you indeed?" rejoined the sick man, languidly, and thinking to himself how long Agnes had been away. "What an immense time ago it seems."

"Eh! well, it's not so long, sir," rejoined Mr. Martin, sharply. "I don't suppose either of us are fifteen years older than yourself. But what I was going to say is, that even then Carstairs was very like some sectarian physician, who has devoted his whole energies to one branch of disease, and has got to believe that all mankind, either directly or indirectly dies of it. With doctors who are ladies' doctors, this creed is of course restricted by the sex of their patients to which, by-the-bye, it is my opinion that some of them assimilate in time, and become old women; but otherwise this fanaticism has no bounds. With a young practitioner,

however, it is not usual to make one disease swallow up all others, like so many Pharaoh's serpents; and yet Carstairs, even as a student, entertained this curious notion. We used to call him Angina Carstairs."

"Ah, indeed," said Carlyon, dryly. "He was effeminate, then, as a young man, was he?"

"Not a bit of it, sir, but he thought everybody was sure to die of *angina pectoris*—he believed everybody—except those who had no hearts, like our hospital porter, who was a savage—had disease of the heart."

For the first time since his wound, Carlyon sprang up to a sitting posture, supporting himself by one hand, while the other was pressed tightly to his side.

"Oh, sir," said he, "do not hold out to me a false hope; even now I feel that Carstairs has told me nothing but the truth."

"What, that you would be a dead man a fortnight ago! That, Miss Agnes tells me, was his cheerful prognostication, and yet you have eaten a very tolerable breakfast for a 'post mortem'."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Martin, that I have not heart disease?"

"By your change of color, my dear sir, and the pain you are evidently feeling in that side, I should be inclined to think that you have," answered the surgeon, quietly.

"If I chose to use the stethoscope, I could undoubtedly tell you for certain; but that is not my line. If the young gentleman's dagger had gone through your heart, it would have been my business to pronounce you dead. No physician—who had any respect for himself, and the profession—would have ventured to have done so. But this is no surgical case. If you take my advice, you will allow me to call in Dr. Throb. He knows more about heart disease than any man in Great Britain; and there is this great advantage about him, that even if you have not got it he will prescribe for you as if you had. I am sure it will be a great satisfaction to your feelings to procure the opinion of a man like Throb. And besides, my dear sir, you will be witness of a consultation which, of itself, is quite as good as a play—although, to be sure, it's a little dearer."

"If you think a consultation will be of any use," began Carlyon.

"I don't think it will," interrupted the surgeon, irritably. "A duel is no sort of use, for instance, but everybody calls it a satisfaction. It settles the matter one way or another, at all events. Come, let me call in Doctor Throb."

To this proposition Carlyon, not very eagerly, gave assent, and Dr. Throb descended to make an appointment at the Albany for the afternoon of the day after the morrow. That great man, so far as physical stature went, was a very little one; much smaller than Mr. Carstairs, and round as a ball; but his gray eyes were large enough for a policeman's lantern, and roved fiercely about under his shaggy brows, as though in search of the villain who might venture to contradict him. Even the presence of Agnes failed to soften that terrible glance, although he gave her a reassuring nod, as if to guarantee her personal safety, menaced by his tremendous arrival. He had been previously closeted with Mr. Martin—for a medical consultation is uncommonly like one of those children's games wherein two little folks go out of the room and whisper together, and come in and guess, and then go out and guess again—and perhaps that gentleman had softened the bar-haw's heart towards the poor girl. But he had not softened it at all towards Carlyon. Dr. Throb marched in, like a drum-major, at the head of an invading army; glared upon his patient—indignant perhaps at his being so large; shook his learned head, like a terrier with a rat in his jaws; and then turned to Mr. Martin, and said "Yes," decisively, although the surgeon had said nothing whatever. The great man had previously addressed the salutation "Humph!" to Carlyon himself, so that there was no necessity for any further courtesies, and he proceeded at once to business. To see him cast himself, stethoscope in hand, upon his victim, was to witness a gladiatorial exhibition; but in reality his every movement was directed with the utmost nicety and skill. This examination ended, Dr. Throb put certain questions to the patient regarding his own symptoms, exactly as though he were himself the chief inquisitor, and Carlyon, a heretic, doomed, upon the slightest show of hesitation, to the thumb-screws, rack and stake. Then pursing his lips, and giving that mysterious nod to the surgeon, which the lady of the house gives to her principal female guest before leaving the dinner-table, the physician led the way to the consulting-room. As the door closed, Agnes stole to the sofa and took the sick man's hand. There was something in this Goth of a doctor's manner which had given her hope.

"I feel," said she, calmly, "an uncommon confidence in that man's judgment."

"So do I," answered Carlyon, smiling.

"But indeed, if his opinion is not to be relied upon, he impugns the beneficence of the whole scheme of creation. Such a terrible

Turk would otherwise scarce be permitted to live."

"If his verdict should agree with that of Mr. Carstairs," said she, in trembling tones, "you will not receive it as you did his, I know."

"No, Agnes. Thanks to you, it will no longer be with doctored submission. I shall say—and honestly feel it—God's will be done."

She had scarcely time to resume her former position when back stalked the little doctor, with drums beating and colors flying, and a triumphant flourish of trumpets. The chamber had evidently been given up to pillage; but was the life of its tenant to be spared?

"Humph!" said he. "You have heart complaint, Mr. Carstairs."

"I quite expected to hear you say so, Dr. Throb. My friend and medical adviser in the country gave me to understand."

"Pooh," interrupted the great man, "He 'ploded his professional reputation,' didn't he, that you wouldn't live six months?"

"He said a year, sir."

"He might just as well have said a fortnight. Medicine is not an exact science like mathematics; and he was wrong, you see. He has forfeited his professional reputation, which most country practitioners would be very glad to do, and start afresh. He ought to be under great obligations to you, Mr. What's-his-name—Parastars."

"But he was right so far as my having heart complaint."

"Of course he was; no man with ears could be wrong about that, sir. You have heart complaint; but what of that? You may die of it, of course; you must die of something, I suppose—but you may also live with it for a quarter of a century, and die of drink at last. I have known a worse case than yours where the patient lived for longer than that, and was eventually hung. Good-morning, sir; good-morning, ma'am."

And away marched the little doctor, with a nod of great severity, to fresh fields of conquest and emigration. But when he reached the outer door he turned round sharply to Mr. Martin, who had reverently followed him so far, with "I say, my good fellow, can he afford this?" and he took out a crumpled note, which he had received in fee from Carstairs, by a most dexterous back-hand evolution, and without moving a muscle of his face. But it was one of this great man's weaknesses to expect to take large fees from persons of moderate means, or any fee at all from poor folks.

"Oh, yes, he can afford it," said the other, laughing.

"I am glad to hear it, for both our sakes," returned the little man, with a significant action of the left eyelid.

With his professional brethren, and when removed from the observation of patients, Dr. Throb is not a good deal. He was whispered to be invaluable at nocturnal dinners, the only festive occasions he ever permitted, and there was even a story current, among the more audacious students of his hospital, that he had once sung a rondo song.

When Mr. Martin went back to his patient, he found him as usual and silent, as though the conference of Dr. Throb had been for his immediate execution, rather than a dismissal upon his personal responsibilities, to come up when Justice Mars came to call for him, and it really was. Agnes too was pale and more thoughtful than she had looked throughout the consultation. The entrance seemed to be a relief to both parties.

"Now, Agnes, I suppose you are, Dr. Throb, is he not?" inquired the surgeon, cheerfully.

"Very much so," said Carstairs, absently.

"I dare say he is very clever," observed Agnes, evasively. "I feel a great confidence in his judgment. If you will be so good as to ring for nurse, Mr. Martin, I think I will go to my bedroom, as Mrs. Maroon will be anxious to hear what his verdict is."

She cast a glance at Carstairs full of unrepentant emotion, but he had closed his eyes and lay back on the pillow, as though overcome by weakness. She respectfully withdrew the room as the nurse entered it. Mr. Martin followed close upon her.

"As Mrs. Maroon has not yet come for you," said he, that respectable old lady being in the habit of calling for her every evening at six o'clock with the regularity of clock work, "you must allow me to see you home, Miss Agnes."

"I am not afraid of going home alone, Mr. Martin, and I know your time is valuable," answered Agnes, quietly.

"You would also rather leave just now, would you not, my dear young lady? That's the very reason why I am going with you. I have got something of importance to say to you upon the road."

When they had fairly started, and she had placed her finger lightly on his arm, the surgeon patted them in a reassuring manner, and began as follows:

"You are trembling, my good girl, and all in a flutter, and it is not about me, I know. If I was twenty years younger, and did not happen to have a wife already, that reflection would distress me, but as it is I am only distressed about myself. You said just now that you have confidence in the judgment of Dr. Throb, and, as generally happens, you are quite right. He is a very wise man in his profession, and on the look of a young lady, without even my most successful hints, whether there is anything in the matter with her heart. Now as we were in consultation together, when between ourselves we doctors talk about almost anything except the patient, he remarked that there was something the matter with yours. It's not my line of business, you know, but I'm bound to say that he only overestimated my own observation. There don't cry—or, if you must cry, put your veil down. The symptoms are obvious; a general practitioner in the country (as Dr. Throb would say) could scarcely make a mistake in your diagnosis. You are in love with my poor patient, you see. Now, my dear child, I am old enough to be your grandfather, so that there is no occasion for embarrassment with me; but if you are unable in that way I shall be obliged to call a cab, and I can never have a word that's said in a cab. You are in love with John Carstairs, I say, and I need not tell you that he is in love with you. Well, why did you say 'no' when he asked you to marry him, some ten minutes ago? I don't, of course, wish to pry into

private matters, but if it is religion—or rather, as you wrongly imagine, the want of it in him—"

"No, sir; it is not that, sir, now, thank God," interrupted Agnes, earnestly.

"Then what the dickens is it?" inquired the surgeon, with irritation.

"Sir, there are two reasons, since you force me to speak so openly," said Agnes, with firmness; "but I deny your right."

"Of course, my good young lady, I have no right," interposed the surgeon, briskly, and once more patting her fingers; "but it's my privilege. You'll find it in all the diplomas. Now, what are the two reasons?"

"One is, sir, that I cannot marry the man whose life has been attempted by one of my own blood, the only relative I have in the world."

"Oh, I see. You make your relative's quarrel your own. Since your cousin has failed to kill this man, you will, at all events, deny him all that makes his life worth having. That is the true Christian feeling; but I should doubt whether it has the approbation of the Christian Church."

"I mean, sir," explained Agnes, gravely, "Mr. Carstairs has never spoken to me about Richard; never hinted at whose hand laid him upon what might have proved his death-bed; but there are times when I feel that I have almost been his murderer."

"But, but, you could not help two men falling in love with you—I dare say a dozen have done it—not could you prevent one of them going mad after another. The rest of the circumstances I have had only at second hand, but that's a medical fact, and I can speak of it with certainty. This mad cousin of yours too has left the country, and been traced into a ship bound for the Indies, whether he has gone under the appellation of his rival is disposed of. There will be, therefore, no necessity to ask him to the wedding, or otherwise inconvenience yourselves by his attentions. To suffer this poor lunatic to blight the life of a man like Carstairs is mere wanton cruelty under the guise of sentiment. I am sure you will not do this, Miss Agnes. I hope, for the sake of your reputation for common sense, that the second reason for saying 'no' is more valid than the first."

"Yes, sir, it is, indeed. Forgive me, Mr. Martin, but I cannot pursue this subject farther, except to say this much—I am sure that your questions have been dictated by a desire to do good, to diffuse happiness. The second objection I cannot reveal. It is a family secret. True, there was a time when it did not seem to me so insurmountable an obstacle, but that was because a still more formidable impediment—that of Mr. Carstairs' opinions—lay in the way. Now he is no longer a poltroon, I wonder how I could have ever overlooked the barrier of which I speak."

"There is madness in her family," thought the surgeon, his mind recurring to her cousin's frenzied act; but the next moment he recollected that his alteration had been produced by the tropic sun.

"My dear young lady," answered the surgeon, tenderly, "I have no intention of prying into this unhappy matter; I only charge you, as you are a Christian woman, not to counter this man's life without great cause. If any danger," he felt her shudder through every limb, "has ever happened to any of your kind and his—for that it has not done so to yourself, I am very sure, see that it affects not only a reasonable but a sufficient ground on which to reject a brave man's love. I do not say that there may not be such a difference; it is my opinion, however, that you should reveal it, whatever it is, to his own eyes, and then judge his decision."

"I could never tell him, sir," replied Agnes. In half-choked tones. "It reflects upon the memory of one that is most near and dear to me, and who is gone to his rest after long years of trouble."

"Poor dear poor dear!" ejaculated the surgeon, tenderly. "I have only then one alternative to propose. However sad may be this secret you speak of, however insuperable a difficulty it may present to your eyes, you cannot range this man's love and say it is not sufficient to overcome it. Since you shrink from speaking with him on the subject, write the whole matter out, and let me place it—sealed—in his own hands. He will certainly make no bad use of the information at the work, it will remain with him as a relic, and it strikes him as it does you, you need never see him another day more. If, on the other hand, he writes back, 'Come,' that will be a sign that he prizes you as a value, from which nothing can materially detract. See, here we are at our journey's end. Let me exact this promise of you. Let me call for this writing in a few hours, for such a matter is best done at once, and done well. Say 'yes,' my dear Miss Agnes, I adjure you. At least, let this man's future life be marred by no misunderstanding, no unexplained repulse. It is better for a man to be denied than to be evaded."

"I will do as you request, Mr. Martin," said Agnes, sighing; "but you do not know the heaviest of the task you lay upon me. The paper shall be ready within two hours."

"That's a brave, good girl," said the surgeon, with affectionate earnestness. "I shall call for it myself, and it will never leave my house till it reaches him. God bless and strengthen you, my dear."

The next moment the door of her lodging opened and Agnes hurried in.

"Now, if I were in that fellow Carstairs' place," mused Mr. Martin to himself, as he turned away, "I would marry that very charming young woman, no matter what might be urged against her family, and although both her parents had perished on the gallows."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

"A distinguished minister of the gospel of California, but now a resident of an Eastern city, was frequently heard to remark, while a youth at college, that he would never marry a woman who had 'loved another man,' that he wanted 'the first warm rush of woman's love.' He married a widow with two 'sets' of children."

"A well-known and successful repudiator of the received theory that they have made in Heaven. He declares that his choir has given him so much trouble on earth, that the idea of music in the world to come is wholly repugnant to his ideas of eternal peace and rest."

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THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

As we supposed would be the case, Garibaldi has been defeated in his attempt upon Rome—as one account says, by the Papal forces alone; and as another says, by the Papal troops in conjunction with the French.

Louis Napoleon is now master of the situation. For Italy is too weak to oppose him, and Prussia has announced that her policy is neutrality. The secret of the latter probably being that Bismarck is anxious to draw closer his alliance with South Germany, and South Germany is said to be "intensely Catholic."

It seems to be the prevailing opinion, we know not how well founded, that Louis Napoleon is himself in favor of the abandonment by the Pope of his secular power. But the Pope is understood to be decidedly averse to parting with his civil prerogatives, and the Emperor of France has a character to maintain as "the defender of the Catholic Faith."

On the whole, it probably rather pleases even the liberal portion of the French people, to see their Government upholding the Papacy, especially when it is also simply enforcing the terms of a solemn treaty. The French love to show that they are a Power in the world.

Whatever the abstract right of the matter may be, the Pope has the right of possession—which in Europe goes very far; and the mere wishes of the head of their Church, must naturally exercise a very potent influence over the Roman Catholic powers. Therefore, while the Pope adheres to his present determination, we think that determination will be respected by Louis Napoleon, and that any effort forcibly to overthrow him, will be met by the combined forces of France, Spain, and Austria.

We give this of course simply as our opinion—an opinion based upon those surface facts which are before the world; and which so often are overborne by the hidden facts which only diplomatists are aware of, and of which such outside personages as newspaper editors, know nothing.

And yet the surface facts, visible to all men, are generally the great controlling forces of the world—or the outward manifestations of such forces—and therefore he who observes them carefully, may often make as probable a guess as to the future, as one who is confused by the consideration of a large number of smaller and more hidden influences.

LIQUOR AND LONGEVITY.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Elections.

NEW YORK.—The Democratic majority in the city is about 60,000—the Republican vote falling short about 8,000 from last year. The Democrats carry the state (the *Tribune* estimates) by 40,000 majority—a gain of 53,000 from last year. In the Legislature the Republicans will probably have a majority of six in the Senate, and the Democrats a majority of ten to twelve in the House. Last year the Republican majorities were 22 in the Senate, 36 in the House, and 58 on joint ballot.

MARYLAND.—The Democratic majority is estimated at from forty to fifty thousand. Not a solitary Republican is elected to any office. St. Mary's County gives 1,516 Democratic and 39 Radical votes, Charles County, 1,229 Democratic and 7 Radical votes. Calvert County, 889 Democratic and 1 Radical vote.

Baltimore goes for the Democrats by a very heavy majority. The Republican vote is less than 5,000. The vote for Lincoln in Baltimore in 1864 was nearly 15,000—and in the state Mr. Lincoln received 40,000 out of 75,000 votes.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Returns from 316 towns, comprising nearly the whole state, give the following result:—Bullock, (Rep.) 95,599; Adams, (Dem.) 168,862. Republican majority, 26,727.

The Republican majority last year was about 65,000—a Republican loss of 38,000. The Republicans have a majority of 14 in the Senate and 103 in the House—on joint ballot, 117. Last year the majority on joint ballot was 258. The prohibitionists are badly defeated. Of the Senators, 24 are for license and 6 for prohibition, while of the 195 Representatives, 155 are for license.

Boston gives Adams, the Democratic candidate for Governor, 1,742 majority. Last year she gave Bullock (Rep.) 4,968 majority—a Republican loss of 6,740 votes.

John Quincy Adams, the defeated Democratic candidate for Governor, was elected Representative from the Quincy district.

NEW JERSEY.—In this state the issue of "negro suffrage" was squarely made. The Democrats have carried the state by about 14,000 majority. The Democrats carried all the counties but four. The new State Senate consists, according to the New York Tribune, of eleven Democrats and ten Republicans, a Democratic majority of one.

Last year the Republican majority in the Senate was five. The Assembly consists of forty-six Democrats and fourteen Republicans, a Democratic majority of thirty-two. Last year the Republicans had six majority in the Assembly.

MINNESOTA.—Scattering returns from Minnesota indicate that Marshall, Republican, is elected Governor by about 4,000 majority—a Republican loss of about 5,000.

MISSOURI.—In Missouri the county elections are reported to show Democratic gains. James B. McCormick, Democrat, is elected to Congress in place of Thos. E. Neill, deceased, by over 1,000 majority.

WISCONSIN.—The returns indicate that Fairchild (Rep.) is elected Governor by about 4,000 majority.

KANSAS.—This state has probably been carried by the Republicans, though the returns show heavy Democratic gains. The Bulletin, (Radical), says, "the returns indicate a Republican victory in the state by reduced majorities, and the defeat of the constitutional amendment by a much larger vote than was anticipated." Female suffrage is said to be defeated by a still greater majority than negro suffrage.

GEORGIA.—The latest returns increase the Convention majority. The vote will probably reach 110,000. The white vote is about 50,000.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—It is ascertained that the entire number of registered voters in South Carolina is 125,542, of whom 45,754 are whites and 79,788 blacks, and the negro majority in that state is therefore 34,034.

ALABAMA.—The Alabama Reconstruction Convention, by a vote of 45 to 12, has tabled a proposition to abolish the present State Government within twenty days. An ordinance has been introduced and referred, providing for the organization of a new Provisional State Government to date from the 1st of January.

VIRGINIA.—It is officially stated from Richmond that 14,000 whites neglected to register in Virginia. An Address is now out, asking them to register and vote down the radical Constitution. 5,500 persons are disfranchised in that state.

THE PRESIDENT.—It is stated that 150 Grant Clubs have been organized in Pennsylvania during the past month. Money is out in five or six editions to prove Grant is a Radical, but Wendell Phillips says: "I have sounded every public man with whom I have come in contact, who knows General Grant personally and intimately, but I never yet found the man who would undertake to say, of his own knowledge, that General Grant was a Radical in his views of the future policy of this country."

On the Democratic side, either Seymour (of N. Y.), Pendleton of Ohio, or General McClellan of Penn., will probably be nominated.

THE YELLOW FEVER.—The yellow fever has been declared no longer an epidemic in New Orleans. Six deaths from the disease were reported on Tuesday, making the total of deaths from the pestilence to date, 3,068.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Interior Department has received the report of the Government Commissioners, who have accepted thirty-five miles more of the Union Pacific Railroad. The road is now in operation for five hundred and five miles west of Omaha, and will be finished to Cheyenne, twelve miles further to the Eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. They report that the Company have in service, fifty-one engines and eleven hundred cars. In the last thirty-five miles there were forty-five bridges.

SUNDAY CAR.—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided the injunction granted some months ago by Justice Strong as *ad interim*, restraining the passenger railway companies of Philadelphia from running their cars on Sunday. The justices who concurred in dissolving the injunction are Woodward, Thompson, and Read; the dissenting justices being Strong and Agnew. It is understood that the ground taken by Justices Woodward and Thompson is that the remedy of those who oppose the running of

the cars is by action at law, and not in equity, as in the present suit, while Judge Read, after stating at length the reasons for the decision, says: "I place my opinion, therefore, of the entire legality of running passenger cars on Sunday, on the same footing with the Sunday trains of the steam railroads, as being clearly within the exceptions both of necessity and charity."

Foreign Intelligence.

ITALY.—The campaign of Garibaldi against Rome has proved to be a disastrous failure. On the 31 of Oct., with 3,500 men and two cannons, he left his camp near Monte Rotondo, and advanced to attack Tivoli, which was held by the Papal troops. He found the latter numbering 6,000, posted in a strong position and supported by artillery. The Pontifical troops immediately opened fire with their batteries, and upon the approach of the Garibaldians a desperate battle ensued, which lasted forty-five minutes. Garibaldi then retreated and the battle was renewed at Monte Rotondo.

The insurgents fought with great obstinacy, and kept up the conflict at this point for two hours and a half, when, exhausted and overwhelmed, they gave way and were utterly routed. Of the insurgents, 450 were killed and 900 were taken prisoners. No idea of the number of the wounded can be formed. The total loss of the Papal troops engaged was 200 killed and wounded.

Another account says:—During the battles of Sunday, Garibaldi brought into action 10,000 men. At one time the Papal troops were beaten, and Garibaldi was gaining ground, when the French came up and turned the victory into a defeat. The Garibaldians lost 800 killed and wounded and 2,000 prisoners. Garibaldi is now in prison at Vegevano, in Piedmont. The greatest agitation prevails throughout Italy.

The Italian troops have been recalled from the territory of Rome, and the French are to be withdrawn to Civita Vecchia.

The call for a general conference of the European Powers will soon be issued by the French government.

Bi-mark says officially that the government of Prussia is neutral at present on the Roman question.

ENGLAND.—There have been serious food riots in Exeter and Axminster—the provision stores were sacked. Riots are also reported at Torquay, Exmouth and other places.

WEST INDIES.—The town of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, was destroyed by a hurricane on the 29th of Oct., and several hundred lives are reported to be lost.

MEXICO.—Late advices from Mexico state that it was momentarily expected that a revolution would break out in that republic for the overthrow of President Juarez. It would appear that it is only men of Anglo-Saxon descent, who are capable of carrying on a Republic.

Truth.

It is related of a Persian mother that, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him promise never to tell a lie, and then said, "Go, my son; I commit thee to God; we shall not meet again till the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with was attacked by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what money he had, and he said, "Forty dinars sewed up in my garments." The robber laughed, and thought he was jesting. Another asked him the same question, and received the same answer.

At last the chief called him and asked him what he had. He said, "I have told two of your people already, that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

He ordered the clothes to be ripped open, and found the money. "And how came you to tell this?" asked the chief.

"Because," replied the child, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful, at thy tender years, of thy duty to thy mother, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, that I may promise repentance on it."

He did so. His followers were struck with the scene. "You have been our leader in guile," said they to the child; "now be the same in the path of virtue."

They immediately gave back what they had stolen, and began at once to lead an honest life.

Rev. Thos. L. Cuyler suggests that "on stormy Sunday, every one should go to the nearest church, this occurring to every party a large audience even on the clearest days, and to the people an opportunity to hear other than their own preachers, and thus promoting a spirit of Christian harmony among different denominations."

Louisville is carrying wicked marriage over the adventures of two ministers who went to see the "Black Crook" in that city on a recent Thursday night, disguised by false whiskers, and who were arrested in the moment their suspicious character.

Just like Bear is the suggestive name of one of the Indian chiefs recently in council with the Indian Commissioners. He talked very like a white man. Said he, "I will be the white man's friend so long as he gives me anything. That's why I love the white man, because he gives me presents."

A woman in France has sold her hair fifteen times since her childhood. It grows twelve inches every year, and has yielded a profit to her of two thousand francs. Many of our ladies would give twenty times that sum to have it once upon their own heads.

"Why don't you trade with me?" said a close-fisted tradesman to a friend the other day. The reply was characteristic: "You have never asked me, sir, I have looked all through the papers for an invitation in the shape of an advertisement, and found none. I never gave you I am not invited."

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool has created an excitement in that city by preaching against bow-necked dresses, and would think that bow-necked dresses must be especially disgusting to the Roman Catholic priest.

South Carolina will probably be safe from fears of famine this winter. Letters from that state say that the most abundant corn crop is now harvesting known for many years. It is selling for fifty cents per bushel, but there is little sale for it, as few have money to purchase with.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1898.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following inducements for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RILE. By Elizabeth Barrett, author of "How a Woman lost Her Veil," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephan Dore," &c.

TELLING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Jane Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Press, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louisa Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. E. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. H. W. Brown, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and no other but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the latest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest fashions of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS: \$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS.

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums in all respects as are offered for THE POST. The list can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST, and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

Special rates sent on receipt of 12 cts. Address—

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Hoaxing the Ladies.

A correspondent at Vienna writes as follows:—

"I think I mentioned to you already that during the Sultan's stay in Vienna the palace of Schonbrunn was literally besieged by fair petitioners to be admitted to his presence. Something of the same sort occurred in Paris, and some one, fond of a practical joke, has turned the fact to account. A number of letters, purporting to emanate from the private secretary of the Sultan, all written on the most delicate paper and with a seal of unusual size, have been sent by post to a number of ladies belonging to the *demi-monde*, as well as to some beautiful and rich women of high rank. The recipients were not a little astonished, on opening the massive, to read as follows:—

"PRIVATE SECRETARY'S OFFICE OF HIS MAJESTY THE SULTAN, PALACE OF ELYSEE, July 8, 1897.

"Madame, By command of His Majesty, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated yesterday, by which you solicit the high honor of being received in the harem of His Majesty. As at present the harem is quite full, your request cannot be entertained. His Majesty, however, has charged me to thank you for your most amiable offer, and I on my side, am much pleased to have this opportunity to assure you of the high respect with which I subscribe myself,

"Madame, your obedient servant,"

"SHERAP PASCHA."

"Not small was the indignation which Sherap Pascha's letter called forth, for spoken as he was and courteously as was his manner, on inquiry it was discovered there was no such individual in existence, and that the whole thing was a hoax."

A New Era in Furnaces.

We find the following account of a new and economical method of heating houses in a late number of the Rochester Democrat.

Considerable interest has been manifested in relation to the operation of a new furnace called the Solartype, the invention of J. C. Cochran, of Rochester. The surprising economy in the consumption of fuel claimed for it was hardly credited and needed demonstration.

Last week a Solartype Furnace was put up in the Central Church in this city, in place of one of the old style of about the same size. As a starting point, the hot air register was doubled, making a regular surface of about twelve feet square. On heating the furnace a full and steady volume of air was thrown through this register at a temperature of from 120 to 125 degrees, and never reaching the boiling point of water, so that the air was pure and abundant and of great comparative density. The fire box is fifteen by nineteen inches only. It was filled with coal on Monday and maintained a handsome fire without replenishing until Wednesday night. This is at least four times as long as the same amount of fuel will last in any common furnace. In cold weather more coal is of course necessary, but the relative saving will be always the same, and the assertion of Mr. Cochran that at least one-half of the fuel is lost by the escape of unconsumed gases, in the ordinary method of combustion, seems completely proved. The Solartype is really a gas-burner, and must without doubt entirely supersede the common furnace. N. Y. Evangelist.

On the Pacific Railway, in Kansas, one day last week, an exciting encounter took place between a herd of buffalo and a passenger train. For three miles the buffaloes pushed along parallel with the train. Many shots were fired, but nothing stopped the tide of the starved beasts. Finally they swept across the track, ahead of the locomotive, fairly worshipping the iron horse by bringing him to a halt.

The American Colony in Palestine.

"Mark Twain," in the *N. Y. Tribune*, gives the following account of this curious set of "religionists":—

ALEXANDRIA, Egypt, Oct. 2, 1897.

The American excursion steamer Quaker City arrived here to-day from Jaffa, in Palestine. All the passengers are well.

The Quaker City brings about 30 or 40 of Old Adams's American Colony dupes. Others have deserted before, and 17 have died since the foolish expedition landed in Palestine a year ago. Fifteen still remain outside the walls of Jaffa, with Adams, the prophet.

These 15 are all that are left of the original 169 that sailed from Maine twelve months ago, to found a new colony and a new religion in Syria, and wait for the second coming of Christ. The colony was a failure, and Christ did not come. The colony failed on account of heavy taxes and poor crops—a discrepancy between the almanac and the Book of Revelations interfered with the Second Advent. Adams, the Prophet of God, got drunk in September, 1896, and remains so to this day. It is to be hoped that he will see the error of his ways when he gets sober.

The famous Adams colonization expedition may be considered as finished, extinguished, and ready for its obituary. The 15 want to go home badly enough, but they have got no money, are in debt to Adams, and must stay and work for him. So ends one of the strangest chapters in American history. This man Adams is a shrewd man, and a seductive talker. He got up a new religion, and went about preaching it in the state of Maine and thereabouts. I have asked several of these colonists on board the ship what its nature was, but they are singularly reticent on the subject. They speak vaguely of a flood which was promised, but turned out to be a drought; they do not say what the flood had to do with their salvation, or how it was going to prosper their religion. They talk also of the long prophesied assembling of the Jews in Palestine from the four quarters of the world, and the restoration of their ancient power and grandeur, but they do not make it appear that an immigration of Yankees to the Holy Land was contemplated by the old prophets as a part of that programme; and now that the Jews have not "swarmed," yet one is left at a loss to understand why that circumstance should distress the American colony of Mr. Adams. I can make neither head nor tail of this religion. I have been told all along that there was a strong free-love feature in it, but a glance at the colonists of both sexes on board this ship has swept that notion from my mind.

Mr. Adams preached his new doctrine, and gathered together a little band of 160 men, women and children last year, and sailed for Jaffa, in Syria. They were simple, unpretending country people, nearly all from one county (Washington) in Maine, and received Adams's extravagant account of the beauty of the paradise he was taking them to, and the richness of its soil, with full confidence. Many of the colonists brought horses, and all manner of farming implements, and all seem to have started with a fair amount of money. Adams became custodian of all the funds. They could not have selected a better—he has got them yet. He had no money when he started out as a prophet, but now he is in reasonably comfortable circumstances, and his colonists are reduced to poverty. The first crop of the colonists did not return them even the seed they put in the ground. This year they raised what is considered in Syria a very good crop—seven bushels of wheat to the acre (the natives call a season like this a "blessed year")—but they had sowed two bushels of seed to the acre; they had to save two bushels out for next year's planting, rents and taxes took rather more than the balance, and so no fortunes were made. In Palestine the Government takes one-fourth of the gross yield of the field, the landlord from whom the farm is rented takes one-fifth of the gross yield, and what is left must be saved for seed. Foreigners must rent land, they cannot own it. The colonist who raised the best crop this year lost \$500 on it. He thinks if he had raised a better one it would have beggared him. Irrigation would make the rich plain of Jaffa yield astonishing crops of wheat, but at the same time it would make it yield still more astonishing crops of thorns and thistles seven feet high, and, therefore, on the whole, it would be unwise to irrigate, even if one had the facilities for it.

For one year, under the blinding sun of Syria, the colonists have struggled along, moneyless, disappointed, disheartened, and hopeless. The prophet treasurer, Adams, has had to support them most of the time, because he could not help himself. He is glad to get rid of any that leave him, no doubt, and they are glad enough to get away from the filthy, thieving, miserable horde of pauper Arabs that have infested their "paradise" like vermin for so many weary months. Poor Adams himself has suffered much. Our Consul at Jerusalem has been obliged to imprison him twice for various reasons; his hands, when he was trying so hard to lead to heaven by a new road, have grumbled sore and ached for the flesh-pots of America; his crops have come to naught, and even the wife of his bosom, instead of comforting him in his season of affliction, would deprive him of the poor consolation of getting drunk. He has had a harder run of luck than almost any prophet that ever lived, because, in addition to his more ordinary sufferings, he has had the humiliation of seeing all his prophesies go by default. It cannot be otherwise than disgusting to a prophet when his prophesies don't fit the almanac.

The Quaker City has now become an emigrant ship for infatuated pilgrims from the Holy Land. What is to be the next chapter in her eventful history?

What I have said about the Adams expedition I got from the Adams religious themselves, and I have no doubt it is entirely correct. The names of those who are passengers on the Quaker City are as follows:—

Mrs. P. W. Tabbutt, A. A. Tabbutt, Miss Dorella Ward, Moses W. Leighton, Miss Nancy S. Leighton, M. B. Leighton, C. W. Ames, Z. Carson, Miss D. E. and L. Carson, Leonard Carson, M. C. M. Carson, Mrs. C. H. Witham, F. M. Witham, E. K. Emerson, John A. Briggs, Miss Charlotte A. Briggs, Misses Linda C. and Julia Briggs, Charles E. Burns, Mrs. Lucy W. Burns, J. B. Ames and wife, A. Norton and wife,

P. Norton, E. C. Norton, E. Norton, L. P. Norton, P. F. Emerson, Mr. Rogers and wife. About half of the above list pay their own way. The other half are provided with funds raised for the purpose by various United States Consuls in the Levant. The refugees propose to go by English steamer from Alexandria to Liverpool, and thence home to America.

MARK TWAIN.

Silk culture, as wine making, promises to be an important part of the business of California in the future. Silk worms have been bred in California regularly since 1860, and the weather being favorable, the increase has been rapid, and next year the total production will, it is expected, reach as high as 15,000,000 cocoons. It is said that the average of European cocoons in quality of fibre is considerably surpassed by the California cocoons.

A birth is found recorded in an old family Bible at West Haven, Conn., as follows: "Elizabeth Jones, born on the 20th of November, 1785, according to the best of her recollection."

H. H. H. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure! There is no other remedy, no other LAZARUS, no kind of PATRIOTISM, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.* It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "The moment RADWAY'S Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken internally according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, or CHURKS, or BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHOLERA, MOSQUITO BITES, also BITES of POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN-STROKES, AGUE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, THE COLIC, RHEUM, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions, and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. *mar97*

The question has long been decided that Dr. T. J. NEAL'S TROUSSEAU'S UNIVERSEAL NEURALGIA PILLS is the best, safest, and surest medicine for expelling Neuralgia, Nerve Ache and all other painful nervous diseases, Headache and Hysteria, affections from the system. Apoplexy have this medicine.

"They Cured!" What cures? AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for a Cough, AYER'S PILLS for a purgative, and AYER'S SALT-PEPER for the complaints that require an alternative medicine. *nov74*

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Scurvy and diseases of the skin.—Fever, restless sleep, foul stomach, tainted breath, languor, depression of spirits, above all ailments on the worst cases of eruptions are speedily and radically removed by these medicines. The Ointment cleanses the skin, and the Pills purify the blood, stimulate the liver, and promote digestion. *oct76*

F. \$8.00 for 50 Cents. THREE NEW THINGS. The greatest living curiosity of the age. Agents wanted. Circulars sent free. Samples for trial. Address M. L. BYRN, Box 1000 P. O. New York City. Office 82 Cedar street. *oct76*

MARRIAGES.

On the 21st of Oct. by the Rev. Wm. Cathart, Mr. John J. WORTHINGTON to Miss HANNAH J. BAKER, both of Bucks County.

On the 21st of Oct. 1897, by the Rev. John Kirtz, WILLIAM NATHAN to ADALINE BARBER, both of this city.

On the 21st of Oct. by the Rev. Henry B. Bean, Dr. JOHN P. WOODRUFF to MARY LOUISA M., daughter of Andrus Fisher, Esq., both of this city.

On the 21st of Oct. by the Rev. Robert P. Chase, Mr. JOHN MAXWELL to Miss ELLIS GIBBS, both of this city.

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The Art of Dressing Well.

It is said that we might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, and this is essentially true in a great many respects. The grand art of dressing well consists in the first perfectly understanding what is the fashion, and then using your own taste as regards color and materials. There is such a variety of styles and complexions that what one finds becoming makes another look extremely ugly. Everybody, therefore, should know what style suits them best, and what color is most becoming, and dress accordingly. The great fault of the age is display, and many think that they must have gilt, and gew-gaws, and gay colors, to produce effect. In this they are wrong, however, as the handsomest toilet is where everything is simple, yet elegant and tasty. The surest proof that a lady is well-dressed is to be perfectly conscious, whilst you are with her, that she is elegantly and becomingly dressed; and yet when you leave her be unable to describe what she has on. Young ladies, as a general thing, make great mistakes as regards dress. They all seem to vie with one another to see which can dress the handsomest and most expensively, and have the greatest variety of out-door, in-door, and ball costumes. We heard a young lady boasting that last winter she had had six new cloaks, and three times that number of dresses. No wonder that young gentlemen are afraid to marry when they hear of such extravagances as these, and imagine, very justly, too, that to support a wife in such a style they must needs be an Asa or a Stewart, or a modern Croesus. No wonder their frequent clubs and other places, and keep themselves far away from the fascinations of these Flora McFlinnacys of society. There can be no doubt that a certain amount of attention to dress is very necessary, and that a woman's duty to herself and to others is to make herself as attractive and handsome as possible. We candidly acknowledge that we love to see a woman well and tastefully dressed, and even expensively, provided her station in life and her fortune admits of it. The worst of it is, however, that the poor strive to imitate the rich, therefore making themselves miserable, and driving their husbands, fathers and brothers to ruin and misery. Young ladies should let their judgment be seen, as regards dress, by joining frugality and simplicity together, in never being fond of superfluous finery, and in carefully distinguishing between what is glaring and what tasteful and elegant. In this way they will be sure to captivate most and please longest. We have yet to see the young lady who is brave enough to dress plainly and quietly in society, one who has sufficient self-respect to feel that she will be appreciated and admired in spite of her simple toilet. One can be elegant in dress, and yet have it simple and cheap.

If it is only tasty and pretty, the majority of people, and especially gentlemen, would never stop to think whether it cost two or ten dollars a yard, and would not be critics enough on the subject to be able to tell whether it was made at home, or by Madame La Mode. A great many think that if they only dress well in public that it makes very little difference how they dress in their own house. We heard a good story of a gentleman, who had been very attentive to a young lady for some time, and was just on the point of proposing to her. He had always been in the habit of calling on her in the evening, and she always looked beautifully, her hair dressed in glossy curls, and her dress looking neat and pretty. Seeing her so beautiful by gas-light, he was desirous of seeing if she would not look equally well in a simple morning toilet, and accordingly resolved to see her in that role. With this idea, he one evening, after calling on her, left his cane, accidentally on purpose, in the hall, thereby giving himself a good excuse to call for it the next morning.

He presented himself at the early hour of ten o'clock, and was ushered by the servant into the parlor. The shutters were half opened, and by the dim light he discerned a figure seated at the piano, whom he at once took for one of the servants. She was dressed in a faded red dressing-gown, and soiled linen collar, her front hair in crimping-pins, and her back hair in curl papers. Imagine his surprise when the figure turned around, and lo and behold! it was the young lady herself. It is not necessary to add that he did not propose, judging that if she was so shabby in her own home, she would be infinitely more so in his. Young ladies, let this be a warning to you all, and if you are only able to afford a calico gown, still, if it is neat and pretty, it will answer every purpose. Let your linen be spotless, and your hair be dressed smooth and plain. You will then always be neat, and consequently at ease, and will never be in danger of appearing butterfly one day, and slattern the next. You will always be ready to receive your friends without seeming to be caught, or be at all disconcerted on account of your dress. Charity in this, as in many other things, commences at home, and we hope all our lady readers will remember to be neatly dressed—no matter how plain—so that if any one should call for a lost cane, or a missing glove, they may be ready to go down immediately and help them in their search for them. —MAUD MAY.

Search and Seizure.

Hon. L. J. Bigelow, of Watertown, N. Y., has compiled a book bearing the above title, which purports to contain a complete digest of the wit and humor of gentlemen of the legal profession, so far as it is "transpired." We extract a few anecdotes:

CHIEF-JUSTICE HALE.

Chief-Justice Hale was strongly opposed to the severity of the English law, and took occasion, whenever he found opportunity, to show his repugnance to its needless severity. Once he tried a half-starved lad on a charge of burglary. The prisoner had been shipwrecked upon the Cornish coast, and on his way through an inhospitable district had endured the pangs of extreme hunger. In his distress, the famished wanderer broke the window of a baker's shop and stole a loaf of bread. Under the circumstances, Hale directed the jury to acquit the prisoner; but, less merciful than the judge, the gentlemen of the box returned a verdict of "guilty"—a verdict which the chief justice stoutly refused to set upon. After much resistance,

the jury were starved into submission, and the youth was set at liberty. Several years elapsed, and Chief-Justice Hale was riding the Northern circuit, when he was received with such costly and excessive pomp by the sheriff of a Northern county, that he expostulated with his entertainer on the lavish profusion of his conduct. "My lord," answered the sheriff, with emotion, "don't blame me for showing my gratitude to the judge who saved my life when I was an outcast. Had it not been for you I should have been hanged in Cornwall for stealing a loaf, instead of living to be the richest landowner of my native county."

LORD ELDON.

The chancellor was sitting in his study over a table of papers, when a young and lovely girl, slightly rustic in her attire, slightly embarrassed by the novelty of her position, but thoroughly in command of her wits, entered the room and walked up to the lawyer's chair.

"My dear," said the chancellor, rising and bowing with Old World courtesy, "who are you?"

"Lord Eldon," answered the blushing maiden, "I am Bessie Bridge, of Woolly, the daughter of the Vicar of Woolly, and papa has sent me to remind you of a promise which you made him when I was a little baby and you were a guest in his house on the occasion of your first election as member of Parliament for Woolly."

"A promise, my dear young lady?" interposed the chancellor, trying to recall how he had pledged himself.

"Yes, Lord Eldon, a promise. You were standing over my cradle when papa said to you, 'Mr. Scott, promise me that if ever you are lord chancellor, when my little girl is a poor clergyman's wife, you will give her husband a living'; and you answered, 'Mr. Bridge, my promise is not worth half a crown, but I give it to you, wishing it were worth more.'"

Enthusiastically the chancellor exclaimed, "You are quite right. I admit the obligation. I remember all about it," and then, after a pause, archly surveying the damsel, whose graces were the reverse of maternity, he added, "but surely the time for keeping my promise has not yet arrived? You cannot be any one's wife at present?"

For a few seconds Bessie hesitated for an answer, and then, with a blush, and a ripple of silver laughter, she replied—

"No, but I do so wish to be somebody's wife. I am engaged to a young clergyman, and there's a living in Herefordshire near my old home that has recently fallen vacant, and if you'll give it to Alfred, why then, Lord Eldon, we shall marry before the end of the year."

Is there need to say that the chancellor forthwith summoned his secretary, that the secretary forthwith made out the presentation to Bessie's lover, and that, having given the chancellor a kiss of gratitude, Bessie made good speed back to Herefordshire, hugging the precious document the whole way home.

LORD MANSFIELD.

Lord Mansfield had a great abhorrence of the penal system of England, and used every effort to have it modified. His humanity was shocked by the bare thought of killing a man for committing a trifling theft, that he on one occasion ordered a party to find that a stolen trinket was of less value than forty shillings, in order that the thief might escape the capital sentence. The prosecutor, a dealer in jewelry, was so mortified by the judge's leniency, that he exclaimed, "What, my lord, my gold trinket not worth forty shillings? Why, the fashion alone cost me twice the money!" Removing his glance from the vindictive tradesman, Lord Mansfield turned toward the jury, and said, with solemn gravity, "As we stand in need of God's mercy, gentlemen, let us not hang a man for fashion's sake."

A Farm-House in the Highlands.

A Highland chieftain is one of the most picturesque things in the world, all its beauty being due to nature, and its coloring exquisite—gold of lichen, rose of granite, green of moss, the peat-stacks, with their intense depth of mingled purples and browns, making the walls gleam like jewelry. The landscape near it is generally lovely—a gray precipice, a purple hill, or a rocky stream; cows, in feller fur than any other cows; nothing grander than a little Highland bull, black as coal, marching heavily, with a strong sense of his own personal dignity and might. Sheep, too, with twisted horns, which the travelling tinker will make spoons of some day for the cottagers' wives; a little field of corn, all green and gold in its partial ripening; and last, perhaps, by thoughtless gales, a little kail-yard, and the Highland woman, her eyes brown as the pool of a stream in the heather, her cheeks full and florid as red apples, her hair of the deepest brown or black.

In 1829, Mr. K., a prosperous business man of St. Louis, captured a thief in his sleeping apartment. The culprit pleaded so hard for release, that Mr. K. set him at liberty, on promising of future good behavior, giving him some money besides. In 1830, Mr. K. failed in business, and became a clerk at a moderate salary. Passing the post-office a short time since, K. who was very shabbily attired, was accosted by an elegantly-dressed, well-to-do individual, with, "How do you do, Mr. K.? Glad to see you. Still in business on Main Street?" K. vainly endeavoring to remember the stranger, replied that he was not in business, in fact, was hunting a situation. Stranger said, "Please walk with me a short distance." The two repaired to a hotel, where the stranger introduced himself as the repentant thief. He forced K. to accept a loan of \$10,000, with which to recommence business. He said that during the war he had made large sums of money, and he had long desired to express his gratitude to K. in some substantial manner.

A schoolboy being asked to define the word "admission," said it meant twenty-five cents. "Twenty-five cents?" echoed the schoolmaster. "What sort of definition do you call that?" "I don't know," saucily replied the boy, "but I'm sure it says so in the advertisement down there at the show." "Yes," said another boy, "and children half price."

WEATHER-BOUND.

Thou pitiless, false sea!
How, like a woman, thou wilt softly sigh
With heaving breast where humble jewels shine,
Or, beckoning, toss thy foam-white arms on high,
And laugh with those blue, sunny eyes of thine!

Ah, crouching, creeping sea!
Thou tiger-cat! how, while the winds make pause
To stroke thy long, smooth back in quiet play,
Thou canst unsheath thy velvet-hidden claws
And spring all unawares upon thy prey!

Thou treacherous, cruel sea!
How thou wilt show thy glittering smile at night,
Hiding thy fangs, hushing thy fiendish cry,
And rise in gentle sport from licking white
The bones of men that underneath thee lie!

O bitter, bitter sea!
Didst thou not fawn about my naked feet,
When I stood with thee on the beach, and say
That thou wouldst bear me swiftly home to meet?

My darling, waiting there in vain to-day?
Yes, thou most mighty sea!
Keep then that promise murmured on the shore;
Put thy great shoulders to our loitering keel,
Not as in rage and wrath thou hast before—
Let the good ship thy help gigantic feel.

Thou answerest me, O sea!
Lifting in silence, o'er the waters stilled,
The shattered fragment of a rainbow fair,
A mocking promise, never to be fulfilled,
Based on the waves and broken in mid-air.

PLANCHETTE.

[We take the following article from a London periodical. The writer alludes to the "Planchette" as an American invention; and yet this is the first we ever heard of it. Perhaps some of our readers have been more fortunate.—Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.]

Last autumn I was enjoying the hospitality of an old friend in the north of Scotland. The weather was charming; game plentiful—grouse, black game, partridges, hares; the moors blooming with heather; the fields dotted with corn-stooks; the river, flowing just below the old baronial hall, was full of salmon; and so lovely in itself that to fail to catch them there was better than good sport in many tamer waters. There were croquet parties, pleasant companions, excellent fare, and all, in short, that could conduce to make a visit delightful. But there was still another source of amusement, mysterious and novel, at least in this country, which is, I believe, well known across the Atlantic. Perhaps some trans-Atlantic contributor may be induced to give a fuller and more satisfactory account of it than the following imperfect sketch.

When I reached my friend's house, I found among the guests my old friend Mr. R., who had lately returned from a tour in the States, and was full of all he had seen there. After dinner, when we "joined the ladies," the pianoforte was open, and my friend B. was apparently persuading a young lady to sing. I heard him say imploringly, "Planchette," which I assumed to be some favorite song of his, though unknown to me. Miss A. gave a gesture of dissent, and then proceeded to "Call the cattle home across the sands of Dee," a song much more familiar to us all, certainly to me, than the mysterious "Planchette." The song over, the fair songstress and Mr. B. betook themselves to a retired part of the drawing-room, and soon were intent over what appeared to me some game. They leaned over the little table which separated them, and whatever their occupation was, it appeared to be very engrossing.

The evening terminated in the usual gathering of amusements in the servants' hall, where, over toddy and cigars, we shot our grouse and caught our salmon over again. B. left us early, having to pack up, as he was to take his departure next day; and as, some time after, I went along the corridor leading to the bachelors' quarters, I found his door open, and him, standing in the midst of open portmanteaus, engaged in the pleasing occupation of planning how to put into them again all the things that had been taken out of them some weeks before.

Of these possessions, one attracted my especial attention. "What's this, B.?" I asked. "Oh, that's 'Planchette'!" "Planchette?" I thought. "Planchette" was a song? "Haven't you seen it? Oh, I forgot, you only came to-day. 'Planchette' is not a song," he said, laughing, as I explained the origin of my wonder. "This is 'Planchette'." And this is what I saw:



"Well, but what is it?" "What you see." "And its use?" "Well it will write down the answer to any question you like to ask it." "Of course it will," I replied; "as would any pencil in your hand or mine." "No, I mean that without any voluntary action on anyone's part, it will write down on paper an answer to any question—I don't say necessarily the proper answer, but an answer."

I looked naturally incredulous, and my friend then proceeded to tell me that he had brought "Planchette" from America, where, he said, it was not only common, but was by many implicitly believed in as something preternatural.

"No canny, eh?" I remarked as I held it in my hand. "Why, you have had this made

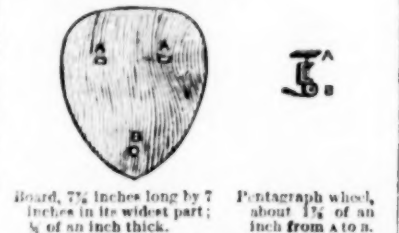
specially for your visit to Scotland, for anticipating that here it would be called the *Deil*, you have met the charge by having it made of oak."

"Ah," said B., "you don't believe it." "Believe what? That it will write without the direction of human hands? Certainly not."

"Nor did I till I had tried it. Now you give it a fair trial. I have left one with our friends here. I don't think they quite like it, but it will write for Miss A., and you try it with her to-morrow."

I examined the machine, as he explained the mode of using it.

It is made of any wood—oak, in this instance—and is shaped thus:



At A are two pentagraph wheels. In the hole B is fixed a soft pencil, which is so adjusted as to form, as it were, the third leg. The "little plank or board" is then placed upon a sheet of paper—common white card-ridge paper is the best—and two persons lay their hands very lightly upon it, not in any way influencing its motion. Then one of



them, or a third person, asks a question, and the wheels move. "Planchette" traverses the paper, and the pencil, of course, following the motion of the wheels writes the reply. "Do you mean," I asked, "that it always does so with any one?"

"No, it rarely writes, at first, for any one, but generally runs about the paper, round and round, or up and down, but it will almost always write in the end, if the operators persevere. But for some people it won't move at all. I must say," he continued, "that the answers are generally wrong, and that its prophecies—it's fond of prophecy—are generally false; but it is not strange that it should write at all?"

"Very," I remarked, dryly.

"Ah! you don't believe it, and I don't wonder." And then he told me his experiences of it in the States, far too numerous to mention, and dwelt particularly on the first specimen he had of its powers.

"Two ladies," he said, "had their hands on it, and I was asked to question it. I was as incredulous as you are; so I resolved to ask a puzzler. I had been to hear Spurgeon preach shortly before leaving England. I was struck with his text, the words of which I distinctly remembered, though I had forgotten where they came from. So I asked 'Planchette.' It instantly wrote '2nd Cor.,' and mentioned chapter and verse. We looked it up, and it was right! Now that was extraordinary, was it not?"

"No, I suppose you repeated the words of the text, and the young ladies recognized it, and wrote the reply."

"Not at all; I asked where the text came from without repeating it." I could not deny that the circumstances, as stated, were extraordinary; but I contented myself with making the very original remark, "I should like to have witnessed it myself."

He continued that it was not necessary to ask the question aloud, a mental question was quite sufficient; and that all languages were alike to it.

"Now," he said, "don't suppose I am such a fool as to believe that there is anything 'spiritual' or supernatural about it. I merely tell you what I have seen, judge for yourself. But as it is getting into the small hours I must go on packing."

"Planchette" was restored to its usual place—B.'s hat-box—and I went to bed.

It was impossible not to feel some interest in this curious and altogether novel subject. Here was a man whom I had known intimately for nearly twenty years—a man of scrupulous truth—his perfect straightforward truthfulness was proverbial among his friends; a man of great ability, but without one particle of imagination—in short, the very last man to take up a question like this with enthusiasm or credulity. What was I to think? He gave me his word, which I knew I could trust, that there was no trick in it—that what he told me he had seen; and he challenged me to give the matter a fair trial, and judge for myself. Now, there are hundreds of men, and more hundreds of women, from whom one would receive a statement of this sort with many grains of salt, not because they are unworthy of credit, but because their temperaments would incline them to be "led captive" by the wonderful and the mysterious—*omne ignotum pro magno*. But my friend, as I have said, was not one of them—not one to be carried away by any speculative or imaginative question. He is essentially clear-headed and hard-headed, and it would be a very poor compliment to his common sense to suppose that he believed in the spirituality of "a little board." My curiosity was piqued, and I fell asleep.

Next morning at breakfast I referred to "Planchette." Miss A. was evidently a convert. My host said nothing. My hostess confessed she did not "quite like it." Others ridiculed it, and the subject dropped.

Most of the guests left that day to make way for a new batch; and when evening came Miss A. and I sat down to "Planchette" with two, at least, of our lookers-on, who had never heard of the "crittur" before.

We placed our hands on "Planchette," and asked some questions. For a while, it was stationary; then it began to move under our hands, and to run about the paper, scoring lines up and down, sometimes fast, sometimes slow; our hands scarcely touched it. "It is merely the effect of pulsation," I said. But we persevered, and presently it began to form letters.

Our first question was, "What letters are engraved in this lock?" The lock was mine, and I of course knew the letters, though I had not opened the lock for a long time. Miss A. was ignorant of them. There were four letters, of which K and B were the two last. Planchette wrote "K B." I observed that the K was formed differently from the manner in which I write the letter, and I asked Miss A. to write it in her ordinary way. She did so, and this was unlike the K written by Planchette—which was thus, K—and on examining the letter in

the lock, it exactly corresponded with it.

Now, as I knew the letters, and Miss A. did not, the influence which produced them must, I presume, have been mine, not hers, yet mine involuntarily, for I certainly did not consciously direct the pencil. Indeed, had I been dishonest, and intentionally influenced it, I should, I imagine, have written all the letters and not two only.

I gave my hostess five letters, which I had received that day, and begged her to select one without our knowledge, and question "Planchette." She did so, asking the initials of the writer. The reply was again K. B. It proved that the letter selected was not written by K. B., but by one of our most distinguished general officers; but it was placed in an envelope (not seen by us) directed by the owner of these initials.

That the action of the pencil is generally influenced by those whose hands are on the board, I have no doubt; but assuming these persons to be honest, and to abstain from any voluntary movement, it is equally beyond doubt that this influence, whatever it may be, is involuntary. It is, of course, perfectly easy to make the pencil write, pentagraph-wheels being, as every one knows, most sensitive. Let us suppose that A. and B. intend to make it write, one of two things is necessary, either they must be confederate and agree to write the same word, or one must be passive, and must allow the other to write it.

Assume, for the sake of argument, this to be the way in which answers are produced, how will it follow admit of explanation?

One of the guests, who had just arrived, on the occasion referred to, asked—"At what town did I purchase these sleeve-links?" Neither Miss A. nor I knew.

"Planchette" instantly, in a great hurry, wrote, "Abercrombie!"

"Wrong," exclaimed the inquirer, triumphantly; "I bought them in Paris." But wrong as the answer was, it was, in my judgment, an exceedingly curious answer, showing, as I think, that the influence of those whose hands are on the board is unconscious and involuntary. I certainly was not thinking of any place in particular, nor was Miss A.; but we both knew that the gentleman who put the question was an Abercrombie man, and that he had just come from Inverness. Here then, was a conglomeration of two places with which he was connected, and this, I think, proves that Miss A. and I were perfectly honest in the matter. Had we either of us intended to write Abercrombie, or Inverness, we should scarcely have produced such a quaint combination of the two.

We put many more questions that evening, the answers to which were, some right and some wrong; but I am bound to say that all the answers were wrong when the questions related to subjects unknown to us, and put by a third person. And in almost all cases, this has been the result of my experience; but not in all, as I will show afterwards.

I was sufficiently interested in this curious little machine to make every kind of experiment afterwards, that I could think of, my friend B. having presented me with one, which a London instrument-maker had made for him from his American pattern.

I found it most amusing in replying to answers relating to the future, all the answers proving wrong, of course; but some were so unexpected, and so absurd, that they caused the greatest possible fun. It replied equally willingly in French or Latin, and in Oriental languages. In all cases where the experiment was honestly made, the operators did not consciously influence the pencil.

The following is a curious, and, supposing me to be incapable of falsehood in the matter, a conclusive instance of this:

A bracelet was lying on the table. On the clasp was a word in Oriental characters; on the back of the clasp were initials in English. I had my hands on "Planchette," a friend joining me. I knew the language to which the word belonged; my friend did not. The question was, "What are the English initials on the back of the clasp?" "Planchette," instead of writing the English letters at the back, wrote the initial letter, in the Oriental character, of the word on the front of the clasp. Now here was a reply certainly contrary to any expectations which I might have been supposed to have formed. I knew what was written on either side of the clasp, my friend did not. If I had formed any expectation, it would have been that "Planchette" would have written what I asked. I certainly should not, had I wished to astonish my friend by making it appear that "Planchette" would answer the questions put to it, have written a reply so inappropriate. What produced the answer? At least, there was no collusion.

Often "Planchette" misspells. Once it insisted on spelling "commander" with one "m;" again and again, we wished it to spell it right; but no. We tried it letter by letter, pausing between each letter; but only one "m" would it write.

Had we intentionally influenced its action, we surely should have made it write two, which we fully expected it would do. Generally, its blunders in orthography are the blunders of those whose hands are on it. For example, it wrote a French word for me, and put an accent on it, which should not be there, because I believed it should be there; and in writing a Latin word for a lady, it spelt it as the lady thought it should be spelt—wrong.

To sum up, then: my experience of

"Planchette" is that generally "its utterances are unmistakable emanations from ourselves," without any conscious effort of will on our parts, as a friend to whom I introduced "Planchette" excellently puts it. But, believing, as I of course do, that the influence, whatever it be, is a purely natural one—for I need not say that I should deem it an insult to my intellect were it supposed that I believed it a supernatural influence—the fact that its utterance is a mere reflex of the mind of the operator, does not detract from the interest it is impossible not to feel in it.

Is it any natural power not yet fully understood?

Why does the pencil move? and if it moves why does it form letters? Why does it put these letters into intelligible words, whatever sense these words may have? Why will it move for one, write for another, and do neither for a third?

Another peculiarity is, that if it writes a word you can't read, it re-writes it—manifestly the same word—the same up and down strokes, in every twist and turn—over and over again, if you will that it should do so. It will even repeat the scribbles which it makes when it declines to write; and if the pencil is taken up in the middle of a word, and put down again at the same spot, it will resume its writing and finish the word. When in its course it arrives at the edge of the paper, it will often continue its writing, turning round and writing upside down, thus giving proof of added up as to the pen not writing.

Generally "Planchette" will not write for one person, two being apparently required in most cases. But in two instances I have seen it write for a single pair of hands. The K. B. before referred to is one who has this power, whatever it may be; a cousin of mine another, in both cases ladies, and I may here note that for women "Planchette" writes more readily than for men.

I have heard, on the authority of persons impossible to discredit, that "Planchette" will occasionally give correct answers to questions put by a third person, the answers to such questions being known to the third person, but not known to those whose hands are on the board. I have tried this often, and only in two instances have I seen the experiment succeed. I will detail them.

I was staying with some friends, and speaking of "Planchette," I said I fancied electricity must have a good deal to do with its performances. My hostess said, "Let me try, for I have always been told that I possess a great deal of electric power." "Planchette" was produced. The lady and I placed our hands on it, and I begged her husband to put some question the answer to which was known to him but not to us.

He asked, "To whom did I write this morning?"

"Planchette" instantly commenced writing.

"Stop," said Colonel G., who was watching it. "It has answered my question."

I removed the board; but seeing that after the name it had continued as if going to write more, I replaced it, so that the point of the pencil was exactly on the spot from which I had removed it, and requested it to be so good as to proceed. It went on, and then gave its usual sign of having finished by describing a sort of circular flourish round its writing.

On examining its work we found "Thomson William."

Thomson was not the name; but I adopt it because, like the real name, it admits of two modes of spelling, and in this case it spells the name correctly in the least common form.

"Well," said Colonel G., "that's odd! The surname is right; but I don't know, or have forgotten if I ever did know, the Christian name."

On looking in the "Army List" he found it was William.

Mrs. G. neither knew that her husband had written to the person named, nor did she know him even by name—nor did I.

The next case occurred among the same people, and was even more curious.

Colonel G. asked:—"From whom did I hear this morning?"

"Planchette,"—"James."

Colonel G.:—"No, wrong there; try again."

"Planchette,"—"James."

"Are you sure," said we, "you have not heard from any one named James?"

"Quite sure," he replied, deep in the Times.

"Planchette" was requested to say where "James" lived, and replied, "London."

"What was his surname?"

"Planchette" wrote it,—"G—."

"Are you quite sure," we again asked, "that your brother James did not write to you?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Colonel; "he did—to tell me not to go up to dinner to-day, because my father had just discharged the butler. I quite forgot."

I said that my friend B. told me that "Planchette" would sometimes answer mental questions correctly. In every experiment I have made but one, it was a failure. One was correct.

There was a dinner party at Colonel G.'s. I produced "Planchette" and Mrs. G., one of the ladies for whom I said "Planchette" would write alone, of course, was present.

I begged her husband to arrange with any of the guests a question which they should address mentally to the lady. He selected a clergyman, and after conferring together in a whisper at the side of the room opposite to "Planchette," Colonel G. announced that he had put the question mentally.

"Planchette" wrote "Town."

The question was then communicated to the party. It was,—"Where is—(myself) going to-morrow?"

I was going to town.

Now there could be no collusion here. The lady who had her hands on "Planchette" did not hear the question, and there was the corroborative testimony of the clergyman as to what that question was.

I do not profess to understand this, and can only assume that the husband possessed some magnetic power over his wife, for in the three cases cited, "Planchette" replied correctly when Mrs. G.'s hands were on it, to questions, the answers to which she was ignorant of.

Can the utterances of "Planchette" be explained by natural electricity and animal magnetism? I commend the matter to the

attention of Dr. Radcliffe, who has so closely studied these subjects.

I am too ignorant to know whether it is possible that the nerves having their seat in the brain could thus act, as it were, in concert with the brain, and without any conscious effort of the mind or will, produce the formation of letters and words, such as are formed when the hands are laid, as I have described, on "Planchette."

This I do know—that the hands will, under certain circumstances, write without any conscious effort on the part of their owners, for I have more than once, when oppressed with fatigue, heat, and over-work, fallen into a doze with my pen in my hand, and when I have recovered consciousness, I have found that in the temporary unconsciousness of sleep I have still been writing, although I am bound to say that my writing under these circumstances was never so coherent as the performances of "Planchette."

If the cause of the motion and of the formation of letters, words, and sentences be explained, the words themselves need not, I think, be deemed mysterious. None but savages consider dreams preternatural, yet there is no conscious effort of the will. No one considers sleep-walking or sleep-talking "spiritual," yet it is involuntary. Once established the motion, and the connection, if it exists, in the sense I have referred to, between the nerves and the brain—once, in short, explain the act of "Planchette's" writing, and the matter of it need excite no surprise. What is more unexpected or more sudden than a change in the current of our thoughts? What more wonderful than the human mind?

But I am getting out of my depth. I have given a plain and thoroughly truthful account of my own experience of "Planchette." There are, doubtless, many others equally trustworthy, who could cite experiences even more interesting. My object in recording mine is to draw the attention of scientific men to a very curious subject—to what may be a new natural power, or rather a new development of a natural power. It is worthy of careful examination by unprejudiced men of science, and I hope my slight sketch may induce some of them to give "Planchette" a fair field, and no favor.

PARTED.

In the mellow light I sit,
Idly regarding it,
Idly rocking to and fro
As the shadows come and go,
Asking vainly, asking why
By fate we're parted, you and I?

Ah! why is it? There are few
Half so genial, half so true,
In heart and soul allied as we;
Yet, an unkind destiny
Rears her cruel barriers high—
By fortune sundered you and I.

Not for us the dreamy bliss,
Yearning smile, or thrilling kiss;
Not for us the tender years,
Born of blessed hopes and fears;
Sad and slow the days will be—
Fate has parted you and me!

Were our paths together laid,
We had threaded, undismayed,
Valley deep and mountain pass,
In light or darkness; but alas!
Down divided hills they lie—
We are sundered, you and I.

Is it, darling, is it sin,
Just to think what might have been?
To unveil my eyes and see
What can never, never be?
For beneath closed lids I see
Fate has parted you and me.

An Adventure in a Harem.

[The following story of Eastern adventure, from Miss Emmeline Lott's volume on "Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople," is abridged.]

Nuzly Hanein Effendi, the daughter of Mehmet Ali, had often sat where I then stood gazing intently on that fleet, the command of which had been held by Ibrahim Pasha, when he went to seek glory in the Morea. I had visited the palace which she occupied in the vicinity of Cairo, and the old Frenchwoman, who had been in her service, now lived within the harem, where she passes her time in taking care of H. H. the Viceroy's wardrobe when he is at Ras-el-Tin. She related to me the following strange, yet true, incident in the life of that extraordinary Princess:

"Nuzly Hanein—the bold, licentious, cunning, and subtle—was very intimate with a Levantine lady, whose husband was in Mehmet Ali's service. A young Italian nobleman, whose countenance and manners were very effeminate, offered that Levantine a large sum of money if she would assist him to visit the interior of the Prince's harem at Cairo, which he had heard was most superbly furnished.

"Accordingly, it was arranged that Madame Otto should inform her Highness that a lady, who was on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and who had been most highly recommended to her from Europe, was extremely anxious to see her harem, of the splendor of which she had heard so much when in Italy, and pay her respects to a Princess whose renown was spread all over the world.

"You must ask her," added Count Luigi, "to give the lady an audience; and you must be sure to obtain permission, and when the appointment is made, you must lend me one of your richest dresses, which I am certain will fit me admirably. You must superintend my toilette, and then I am sure that I shall pass muster, and that the keenest eye will be unable to recognize my sex under that disguise."

"Silly, silly young man; how little did he know the power of an Arab, or Turkish woman's eye, or how quickly they can detect an impostor of that kind!"

"Saying which, the Count, who was then sitting in Madame Otto's boudoir, added, 'Come, let us try how I should look,' and hastily metamorphosed himself as one of the fair sex, with the aid of one of the fair Levantine's dresses. The disguise was so

complete that Madame Otto could not keep her eyes off him, and seemed quite bewildered at the Count's first debut in female character.

"Soon, however, she became more accustomed to his metamorphosis, and then burst into a fit of laughter at the droll idea which he had taken into his head, and which she looked upon as a dangerous enterprise, knowing as she did the formidable character of that Grand Lady, as the Egyptians call her to this day; for after that title of Grand, bestowed upon her by Mehmet Ali, all the eldest sons of the Viceroy are styled Grand Pashas. Madame Otto again burst out laughing. However, in a short time, she accorded the Count her co-operation.

"It is certain that the lovely Levantine did not possess much firmness of character, for even the Count's mad whim—which, however, had method in it—was wisdom itself when compared with many of that volatile lady's vagaries. She carried out all the Count's instructions to the very letter, and her embassy proved as successful as he desired. The audience was granted, and the day appointed, on which occasion she acted as lady's maid, with such taste and tact that the Count, when he looked in his mirror, was really unable to recognize himself. He acknowledged that he had the vanity to think that he really looked like a very pretty woman. The success of this rehearsal gave them both great hopes that the attempt itself would realize their most sanguine wishes."

"The Count afterwards related the adventure, and so naively that one cannot do better than repeat his own words:

"I wore," said he, "for I can still remember it as plainly as if it were only yesterday, a very pretty white chip hat, a rich crape bertha covered my thin shoulders, and an ample merino velvet dress, trimmed with deep rows of Mechlin lace, which helped to conceal any defect that I might have otherwise shown in my mean and slender figure. My transformation was performed with the greatest secrecy; no mortal being, except our two selves, having been intrusted with our secret. My male attire was carefully concealed, and when my toilet was finished, I lavished myself of the absence of all the domestics, whom the Levantine lady had sent out on some distant errands, to take my place in the drawing-room, as if I had been a stranger who had come to pay her a visit."

"A handsome carriage which I had hired for the occasion, together with two footmen, to whom I was unknown, were waiting for me at the door. It could, perhaps, have been far better if I could have prevailed upon my charming hostess to accompany me; but all my entreaties to do so proved unavailing. I really felt that I should never be able to keep my countenance, and the semblance of a smile, however slight, might place both our lives in jeopardy. I waived that point; for, to tell the truth, I did not care much about her company on that occasion. Although I had planned the whole affair without having any particular object in view, my mind was agitated with many a foolish hope and romantic idea. Hence I preferred being alone; for, perhaps, had the charming Levantine accompanied me, I should not have had a *de-a-lie* conversation with the Grand Princess. I promised to make some excuse for her; to acquaint her Highness that she had been taken suddenly ill; to tell her Highness my falsehood which came uppermost in my mind at the moment."

"My dear friend, I can assure you that Signora Rodina (for that was the name of the Levantine) had never before appeared so lovely in my eyes. She almost overwhelmed me with precautions. 'Take care, above all things, to beware of the snare and captivating manners of that most formidable of tyrants,' I remarked to her that she need not entertain the slightest jealousy, since I had now become a woman; and if it should unfortunately happen that the Princess were to entertain the least suspicion, she might be certain that she would sooner have me impaled than fall in love with me. 'Who can tell?' replied she, as she shook me affectionately by the hand; 'for that woman is of such a whimsical disposition.'"

"Preeled by two hand-some *saies*, with their flowing garments, who ran nimbly along before the horses, I soon reached the Esbekieh, in which quarter the Princess's new palace was situated. To say that I did not experience considerable trepidation when I found myself on the threshold of that princely dwelling would be untrue; on the contrary, my heart palpitated very much. Like the hunter, I could not behold the tigers in her den without experiencing considerable alarm; for I remembered that if that was the Grand Princess's palace, it was also the residence of her husband, the cruel and merciless Defterdar."

"When far away from its precincts I had thought only of the wife; but now that I found myself within it, my thought naturally dwelt upon the husband, and the remembrance of his bloody exploits awakened anything but pleasant reminiscences in my mind. I had forgotten that, being much inferior in rank to his wife, he was, according to the Oriental custom, her slave rather than her liege lord and master, and that she alone possessed sovereign power within her domain. I had also overlooked the fact that a husband, no matter who he may be, never enters the harem when his lady has visitors, and that the eunuchs, or grooms of the chamber, who always stand at the door, are placed there expressly to say to him, 'You must not enter.' Therefore it was, morally speaking, quite impossible that I could behold the lion in his den, or awaken his suspicions."

"I was evidently expected. On alighting from the carriage I was received by about half a dozen floor-slipping eunuchs, black as ebony, wearing the fez, and richly clad. The younger ones wore red jackets, embroidered down the shoulders at the back and front, which terminate in a point at the centre of the back, at the waist; and the others large, flowing, white muslin robes, with the exception of one or two, who were very handsome, these 'phantoms' of men were stout, paunch-bellied, and puffed up; their eyes betokening haughtiness and cunning of the deepest die."

"I was conducted by them through a courtyard; then we passed into a second one, which opened into a large octagonal vestibule, paved with beautiful white marble,

where I was handed over to six white slaves, all of whom were young, well made and extremely pretty. They wore on their heads small, velvet, richly-embroidered fezes, and their dark jet hair hung in flowing ringlets down their backs. They were attired in wide trousers, hemmed at the bottom, through which ran a string drawn up and fastened round the leg just above the ankle, like a garter. The trousers were then pulled down over the feet (which they concealed); they are made of the stoutest and richest blue and red silk, between which and the bottom lining rolls of muslin are placed. It is that weight which causes that shuffling manner of moving about they have, for their carriage hardly deserves the name of walking. Their waists were encircled with costly Cashmere shawls; they wore long jackets beautifully embroidered with gold thread and lace, which were open at the chest, but reached down to their hips; their small feet were encased in elegant Oriental slippers; their wrists were ornamented with most costly golden bracelets, in which were set many almost priceless diamonds, some white, others pink, yellow and black."

"Escorted by them, I ascended the beautiful staircase, on the landing of which stood ten other slaves ready to receive me; they were all white, and in the same costume. There my shoes were removed from off my feet, and a pair of handsome Turkish boots replaced them. Then I was muffled up, I hardly know how, but believe it was in a superb Cashmere shawl; and, thus swathed, I was led through three or four saloons, each one more spacious than the last and more superbly decorated; but the style partook more of European than of Oriental luxury. The mirrors, the lace curtains and the hangings were of Parisian workmanship. The divans, which were covered with the richest damask, embroidered with gold and studded with pearls, were alone of Oriental craft, and as to the carpet, it was, perhaps, one of the finest ever woven in Persia. When the Princess left it for any other residence, all the carpets were taken up, the curtains unfurled, the divans covered, and everything turned topsy-turvy."

"Thence we proceeded into a small room, but much more cosy, more congenial to my ideas than the others, because it was more frequently occupied. There I was requested to be seated to await the Princess, who soon made her appearance. I was highly delighted to have a few moments to prepare myself for the dangerous interview and the perilous adventure in which I had engaged."

"When persons visit each other in the East it is the custom for them, on entrance, to observe the strictest silence. It also appears to be the same with women, for the Princess was a long time before she addressed me, and etiquette prevented me from taking the initiative. You can well imagine how narrowly I scanned her features. How incomparably beautiful she appeared! How haughty and tapered was her nose; what a sweet, pretty mouth; what pearly white teeth; the whole of her lineaments were perfection itself!"

"I felt desperately in love with her at first sight. Her eyebrows were painted in the true Oriental style, just as they are delineated in the Holy Scriptures, and as Racine describes Queen Jézabel to have used antimony to conceal the ravages of age. Her filbert nails, I mean those of the Princess Nuzly, not those of Jézabel (although in features both those women bore a close resemblance to each other), were stained red with henna. But her eyes, my friends, ah! what eyes! they were the most piercing I ever beheld; at one glance they seemed to scan me from head to foot, to read my thoughts and cause my heart to palpitate most violently."

"In short, they shot through the very innermost recesses of my mind. Every time that her penetrating glance was fixed upon me I felt my countenance change, and I could have sunk into the earth. Is it possible, thought I, that those scrutinizing orbs can read the audacious lie that I have framed?"

"I have omitted to explain to you that Providence had endowed me with a wonderful facility for acquiring languages. Having already resided at Constantinople, and formed an intimacy with several members of the Turkish Embassy in Paris, I could speak Turkish sufficiently well when I arrived in Egypt to be able to keep up a conversation, and as Turkish is the language of the conquerors of Egypt, it is generally spoken at Cairo, but more especially by the government officials and the *beau monde*."

"Mehmet Ali knew no other. I therefore naturally thought that no other ought to be spoken in his daughter's palace, who being Turkish like her father, was very proud of being thought so; so I presumed, perhaps it was rather too presumptuous on my part, to dispense with the services of an interpreter, and at once enter into conversation with my viceregal hostess. As soon as the usual compliments had been exchanged, and Heaven be praised! they did not last long, I conveyed to her Highness the fair Levantine's deep regret that her sudden indisposition had prevented her from accompanying me. I told her that she was extremely ill, almost in the last agonies of death, and I am really astonished that I did not even go so far as to state that she was dead."

"When once we begin to tell lies we hardly ever know where to stop. The excuses that I made for that lady's absence were graciously accepted by the Grand Princess, and our conversation passed on to other subjects."

"Wishing to net my new character to perfection, I turned the conversation as skillfully as I could, and began to display my feminine weakness by praising, in the most fulsome Oriental style possible, the lovely pearls, large diamonds, and jewelry, with which the Grand Princess had adorned her person, at the same time taking care to assure her that her taste in those matters had been the theme of general admiration in Paris and in London; and I expressed to her how great would be my delight if she would so far honor me as to let me see her casket of jewels."

"Alas! how little did she suspect that the brightest jewel she possessed, in my estimation, was her own lovely self! But I dared not for worlds have expressed those sentiments to her. I found out, however, at a later period, that I had been guilty of an act of very great indiscretion in asking her Highness to show me her jewels. But she

did not express any astonishment at my rudeness; for she was above taking offence at such a slight infringement of etiquette by a stranger. Therefore, making a signal to an old Abyssinian slave, who probably held the office of 'Keeper of the Jewels,' she left the room immediately."

"She re-entered it shortly afterwards, accompanied by several other slaves of the same caste, who came loaded with an immense iron chest, covered over with red satin, richly spangled with gold. It was opened, and the jewels were taken out of the cases."

"It was impossible to describe their magnificence and splendor! My sight was actually almost as much dazzled by looking at them as if I had been fixing my eyes upon a glaring midday tropical sun, for blindness seemed suddenly to have come upon me. Aladdin's wonderful lamp, I am quite sure, could never have given its fortunate possessor a sight of anything like those precious gems."

"As her Highness reclined idly on her divan while I examined the diamonds, her red lips were placed from time to time to the beautiful amber mouth-piece of her *chibouk*, from which she puffed forth light clouds of perfumed smoke. Occasionally she seemed as if lost in deep thought; but those piercing dark orbs of hers never took their glance off me; and even when they were withdrawn, I still felt their fascinating influence upon me, for the very marrow in my bones appeared to become frozen within me."

"The slaves who were unemployed stood at the end of the saloon, but many of them kept constantly moving about; and from the number that I saw that day, I should think that her Highness must have had not less than a hundred white, and a much greater number of black ones. Some of them were not more than six years old. While the dancing was going on, several of them were employed in handing us violet, jasmine and rose sherbet, with various kinds *Rahat-Loukoun*, (so much prized by the of confectionery, but especially that of Turkey, and which had been sent to her Highness from Constantinople, where it is made in perfection,) which had been served up in beautifully embossed silver vases."

"Still that lovely, tall, graceful Circassian kept kneeling and handing me sweetmeats in silver gilt spoons, and sherbet in large gold cups encrusted with diamonds. I drank it very slowly, which gave me an opportunity of gazing upon her beautiful features; and when I had drunk it, she presented me with a fine Indian muslin napkin, fringed round with a very deep border of gold and silk, of which a European lady would have made a head-dress for the opera or masquerade. During which, and, in fact, all the time my visit lasted, Abyssinian slaves, with their white ivory teeth, kept constantly fanning me with large ostrich plumes."

"Although my visit had been prolonged the greater part of the day, still it seemed to me but a second, and I was quite delighted to think that my adventure had hitherto been so successful. Everything has its end, but especially lucky adventures."

"At length the hour of departure arrived. Accordingly I submitted with the best grace possible to the final ceremony, which terminates all visits to distinguished personages in the East. Two slaves advanced towards me; one held in her hands an incense-burner (in which was burning the wood of aloes,) with which she wafted the smoke into my nostrils, and perfumed me as if I had been a holy person; the other held a small silver urn, pierced with small holes, filled with rose-water, which she sprinkled over my whole person."

"I received this double attention in the most impassable manner possible, and thus, anointed with strong perfumes, I slightly touched with the tips of my fingers the Princess's hand and then put them respectfully to my lips, which is the mode in which persons of rank take leave of distinguished Orientals. The Princess bowed gracefully to me; then rising up all at once, just as I had reached the door, she advanced towards me."

"Stop," said she to me, "I must show you my garden. And I will accompany you myself."

"We passed through the reception room, then descended a staircase, passed through a hall into a beautiful kios, but as empty and unadorned as a Dutch Protestant church, but delightfully cooled by a large marble fountain, which played in the centre. Then we passed into the garden. A whole troop of eunuchs preceded and also followed us; while the group of black and white slaves kept at a respectful distance. I remained by the side of the Princess, whose long robe trailed along the ground. Her Highness took hold of my hand as we descended the staircase; and lucky was it for me that I had a very small hand, totally unlike that of a man, or else it would have betrayed me."

"While I was seated on the divan, I maintained my new character extremely well; but when I began to walk, I experienced considerable embarrassment, and although I possessed the features, the height, and even a most feminine voice, as I have already explained, still I had not the shuffling deportment. I endeavored, as well as I could, to take short steps so as to avoid treading upon my elegant long velvet dress, which I held up, as a supper does his leather apron."

"Fortunately, the Orientals, being naturally of sedentary habits, do not shuffle along very quickly, unless when in a passion, and then they glide about as swiftly and noiselessly as serpents; and I imagine that there could be no anything so peculiar in my walk, awkward as it must have been, to have excited the slightest suspicion of my sex. The advanced guard of eunuchs and that of the slaves who followed us, kept at such a respectful distance from us that it was utterly impossible for them to overhear our conversation; we, however, maintained an interminable silence, but it would have been all the same if we had been conversing with each other."

"The gardens into which we had entered might be denominated very beautiful; but I confess that I was so dreadfully agitated that I am quite unable to give any description of them; I was so entirely occupied in taking short steps, and so fearful lest I

WIT AND HUMOR.

ONE TO A BOB-TAILED CAT.

Felis infelix! Cat unfortunate,
With many narrative!
Canst thou no tale relate
Of how
(M-e-o-w.)
Thy tail end came to terminate,
So bluntly?

Didst wear it off by
Sedentary habits
As do the rabbits?

Didst go a
Fishing with it,
Fishing with it,
To "bob" for a catfish,
And got bobbed thyself?
Curse on that fish!

Didst lose it in kittenhood,
Hungerily chewing it?
Or gaily pursuing it,
Did it make tangent,
Abrupt refrangent
From thy swift circuit?

Did some brother gray back—
Towling
And howling
In nocturnal strife,
Spitting and staring,
Cussing and swearing,
Ripping and tearing,
Calling thee "sausage tail"
Abbreviate thy suffix?

Or did thy jealous wife
Detect yer
In some sly flirtation,
And after Caudal lecture,
Bite off thy termination?
And serve yer right!

Did some mischievous boy,
Some barbarous boy,
Some murderous boy,
Eliminate thy finis?
(Probably)
The wretch,
The villain,
Cruelly spillin'
Thy innocent blood!
Let every cat scratch him,
Suck his breath,
Be his death
Where'er they can catch him.

Well, Bob, two courses are left,
Since thus of your tail you're bereft.
Tell your friends that by letter
From Paris,
You have learnt the style there is
To wear the tail short,
And the briefer the better;
And for prompt imitation
Such is the passion,
That every Grimaldian will
Follow your fashion,
Or else,
If they laugh at the stump,
That you wag at your rump,
There are fur shops where cat skins are
retailed,
Hurry on, Robert Caudal, and be re-tailed.

Julius Caesar.

This renowned soldier, politician and author, was born in Rome, New York state, a small village on the Erie canal. Being a young man of rare talent, which he discovered himself at an early age, he very naturally had an aversion to doing anything useful in life, and first turned his attention to oratory. Historians state that he sought the island of Rhodes for the purpose of study, probably Rhode Island. On the passage in one of the Sound steamers he was captured by pirates, led by the notorious Captain Kidd, author of Kid Gloves and various other trashy literature. They agreed to ransom him for thirty talents, but if they had known how full of talents the young man was, they would doubtless have struck him for twice that sum. He immediately gave his check for the amount, but when they had returned this ransomed sinner home, what does this ransomed sinner do but organize a fleet of oyster boats and go in pursuit of them, and when he captured the bloody pirates, instead of pardoning them, or commencing their sentence to holding of lice, why he killed them.

That was Julius Caesar's style. After that he went to his lessons like the nice boy that he was. I only mention this little incident of his life to show boys what obedience to parents will accomplish, for as the tree is inclined the twig goes on a bend, sure.

We don't expect an occasional temperance lecture before the Loveland Lyceum, and he finally returns to Rome to accept some office—alderman, we think—that had been pressed upon him by his fellow citizens. He was urged to embark in the conspiracy of Cataline or Catalina, but he peremptorily refused in those memorable Greek words:

"Katalina, no, no, no, no."

Step by step he rose through the various grades of office—alderman, member of the school board, fence viewer, notary public, constable, scaler of weights and measures, street commissioner, etc., etc., until his head was turned with his successes and the flights of his ambition knew no bounds. In the meantime he had conducted numerous wars with the rural neighborhoods to preserve his popularity in his ward—he crossed the Rhine twice to elector the Germans; whipped the Gauls until, as he states in one of his commentaries, they weren't worth a gold-denar, and introduced Fenianism into Great Britain.

He had a powerful rival in Rome, jealous of his rapidly growing fame, a colored gentleman named Pompey, who endeavored to have him removed and some less radical general appointed in his place. Pompey at length got Caesar outlaid, he couldn't out-fight him, but he could out-fox him—and then it was Caesar marched upon Rome, drinking furiously every day until his nose had "passed the Rubicon."

This has been looked upon by some whose noses don't show it as much as his did, as the great fault of his life. It is not our province, however, to pronounce opinions, but simply to give the facts of history.

The fight between Caesar and Pompey raged for many years, but the latter was



A LAST RESOURCE.

CUNNING LITTLE WIFE (whose husband persisted in remaining in town, when she was dying to go to the sea).—"I say, dear, you won't mind having your books and papers and things moved into the drawing-room, will you? The whitewashers are coming to-morrow, and the carpets have to be taken up, and everything turned out for a fortnight!"

finally killed by treachery in Egypt, Illinois. It is said that Caesar wept at the sight of the head of his great rival, probably because he had missed the pleasure of "busting" it himself. At any rate he caused the body of the great Pompey to be interred with great pomp and circumstance.

After destroying various other enemies, Caesar returned in triumph to Rome, where a grand sparring expedition was given for his benefit.

Honors and adulation flowed in upon him from that time. He was elected honorary member of a base ball club, his signature was solicited to subscription papers, men met him on the streets and begged tobacco of him, he had a dead head pass on the street cars, was importuned to sign the pledge, was presented with a gold headed cane, and had a canal boat named after him. He was invited to preside at banquets, and in the Fourth of July processions rode among the soldiers of the war of 1812. Twice elected Mayor of Rome, he aspired to become Treasurer of the county, and that fixed him. A conspiracy was formed against him, led by one Cassius, ably assisted, as conspirators usually are, by the victim's bosom friend, a perfect gentleman named Brutus.

Caesar was warned in various ways of the snares that were being laid for him. One night, after partaking heartily of cold mince pie, just before going to bed, he had bad dreams. His wife saw the new moon over her left shoulder. Then, too, one of the attendants at his palace, who had been on a spree for a week or two, imagined that he saw serpents in the air—and in his boots, and heard ghosts shrieking and squealing in the streets of Rome. But these things, however much they might scare the attendant, his wife and the cold mince could not by any manner of means frighten Caesar. And so he went about among the coffee houses electioneering as usual. One morning it was the idea of March—as Caesar was standing in the rotunda of the new Court House, the conspirators suddenly set upon him with corn-cutters and cooked his royal goose. He was about to fall, but suddenly recollecting that the scene would be incomplete without his toga—it was a *step-brother* that he used to wear at the Springs—he sent an attendant for it, and when it arrived he wrapped it around him as he had seen Forrest do when playing the character, and picking out a place on the floor, where there wasn't any tobacco spit, he laid down and died. His last words were "Feni, edi, vici," I came, I saw the blind," but they scooped me in!

A Warning to Early Risers.

The recent life of Josiah Quincy has the following good anecdote:—"One day, Mr. John Quincy Adams, who was addicted to the same vice of intemperate early rising, with much the same consequences, was visiting my father, who invited him to go into Judge Story's lecture room, and hear his lecture to his law class. Now Judge Story did not accept the philosophy of his two friends in this particular, and would insist that it was a more excellent way to take out one's allowance of sleep in bed, and be wide awake when out of it—which he himself most assuredly always was. The Judge received the two Presidents gladly, and placed them in the seat of honor, on the dais by his side, fronting the class, and proceeded with his lecture. It was not long before, glancing his eye aside to see how his guests were impressed by his doctrine, he saw that they were both of them sound asleep, and he saw that the class saw it, too. Pausing a moment in his swift career of speech, he pointed to the two sleeping figures, and uttered these words of warning: 'Gentlemen, you see before you a melancholy example of the evil effects of early rising.' The shout of laughter with which this judicial *obiter dictum* was received effectually aroused the sleepers, and it is to be hoped that they heard and profited by the remainder of the discourse."

The late Souleque once revised the record of a court martial which acquitted several officers. Souleque exclaimed:—"Mister Minister, I commutate their sentence—let them be shot." The Secretary suggested that the men were acquitted. "What of that, sir?" asked this constitutional monarch, "haven't I not the pardoning power?" The men were shot.

rotting. Some pile them in the barn floor or other dry places before putting them into the cellar for the winter, and leave them till the approach of extreme cold weather.

Cut off the tops of asparagus and cover the beds with a coating of coarse manure. A fresh planting of new beds may now be made of asparagus, rhubarb, grapes, raspberries, etc. The ground should be mulched for winter. The stalks of dahlias should be cut down, leaving the roots in the ground till later in the month, when they are to be taken up, labelled and laid down in sand till spring again opens.

The manure designed for top-dressing may now be hauled out and spread, if the surface is hard enough to bear the teams without being cut up. The top-dressing of low or reclaimed swale lands must be applied later, when the ground is frozen. When the yard and the barn cellar are cleared out, draw in loam, muck, leaves or sand, and fill up with litter. Fill the pig pens also, to the depth of one or two feet. Leaves may also be collected in large quantities for bedding in the winter. Cattle should be constantly well supplied with litter, not only as a matter of comfort, but for the economy of manure. Warm shelter and good bedding also economize food. An animal well protected from the cold, will thrive better on less food than one exposed. Horses, therefore, should be blanketed as soon as the weather becomes cold, nor should a frequent and thorough carding be omitted. The utmost regularity in feeding is of course requisite now, as at all times. Especially is this the case with all fattening animals. All animals need a full supply of pure water.

See that all farm tools, wagons, carts, &c., are properly housed or protected from the weather—there is no economy in exposing them. Repairs may be needed on some of the buildings or fences, and now is the proper time to attend to making them. There is more leisure now than you will have in spring, and all the work you can do now, in preparation for spring, will be an important gain of time.

These suggestions will be sufficient to lay out the work for the month, at the close of which will come the annual Thanksgiving, a fitting end of the year's work, established by our Puritan fathers after the example of the ancient Pagans, who, after the harvest, met for joy and thanksgiving, feasting on the fat of the land, selecting the choicest of the flocks and herds to offer at the sacrifice. God has blessed our labors, the harvest is gathered, and we are enabled as the result of our honest labors, to keep warm from our doors, and while we rejoice with our friends, let us remember the poor and try to make all hearts joyful on this festive occasion.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

RECEIPTS.

POTTED LARKS, AND OTHER SMALL BIRDS.—Bake them in a pan under a crust, with plenty of seasoning and butter. When they are cold put as many in a pot as can be forced in side by side, and cover them with clarified butter.

POTTED RABBIT.—Take off the legs and shoulders of the rabbits, also the fleshy parts of the back. Cut off the leg bones at the first joint, and the shoulder bones at the blades, but without cutting off the meat. Take also the livers; season these limbs and livers, put plenty of butter over them, and bake them gently; then stew them lightly into pots, covering them with clarified butter. The remainder of the rabbits may serve for any other purpose in the culinary arrangements of the day.

POTTED PIGEONS.—Clean them well, bone them, season them in the usual manner, and lay them very close in a baking pan. Cover them with butter; tie the very thick paper over them, and put the pan into the oven. When cold, put them closely packed side by side into pots that will hold three each, and cover them with clarified butter.

TO STEW PIG'S FEET.—Boil four feet, take out the bones, and put them in a vessel with a little vinegar and water, a lump of butter the size of a goose egg, and some salt and pepper, and stew for half an hour, and serve on a hot dish. Or they are nice dressed as terrapins.

TO FRY PIG'S FEET.—Split them in halves lengthwise, dip them in batter, and fry in hot lard. They must previously have been soaked several hours in vinegar. You can fry them in vinegar and water without lard, and they will be very nice.

DRIED FRUIT PUDDING.—Boil the fruit until nearly done, and chop it fine. Save a teaspoonful of the juice for sauce. Make a batter of light bread soaked soft in water or milk, put the fruit into it and stir well, and pour into a bag and bake until done.

Make a sauce of melted butter, sugar, and a little flour, with enough of the apple-juice to flavor it richly, and nutmeg and spice to your taste.

POTATO SCONES.—Take some boiled or steamed potatoes, peel them and mash them, add some salt and flour sufficient to give them the consistency of light dough, roll it out rather thin, cut it into small cakes, and do them in front of a fire in a toaster, or grill them on a gridiron, and serve quite hot, either buttered or with butter apart.

ISINGLASS JELLY.—To one ounce of shaved isinglass take a quart of water, and boil it down to a pint, and strain it through a flannel bag. Add a glass of wine and some sugar before straining. Stir it and put it in glasses.

TAPPY.—Three pounds of sugar dissolved in a pint of water, in which half a teaspoon of citric acid has been dissolved; remove the scum as fast as it rises. Boil until it will crack when dropped in cold water; remove from the fire, and add the juice of three lemons or four oranges. Mix it well and boil very gently, until it is as hard as before the lemon was added; pour it in square buttered pans. It should be about an eighth of an inch thick when cold. Before it hardens mark it off neatly in small blocks that it may break regularly.

DAMP WALLS.—When damp walls proceed from deliquescence in the case of muriate of soda, &c., an intimate combination with the sand used for the mortar, it is merely necessary to wash the wall with a strong solution of alum. This converts the deliquescent salt into an efflorescent one, and the cure is complete. Or, alum may be added to the plaster in the first instance.

THE RIBBLER.

Enigma.

Though men frequently "beat" it, and some even kill,
What is it that suffers no injury still?
Ever flying away, and yet present, I ween;
Well known to all persons, by none ever seen.
When once it is gone it can ne'er be regained,
Yet it is not diminished nor loss hath sustained.
Though men how to reckon it know very well,
In its course who can stop it? The answer now tell.
BIBLIOPHILUS.

Double Geographical Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city in Delaware.
A river in Mesopotamia.
A river in Iowa.
An island in the Mediterranean.
A city in Russia.
An island in the gulf of Bothnia.
A river in Kansas.
A city in the British Isles.
A city in Spain.
The initials and finals form the names of two cities in Iowa.

JOSEPH S. PHEBUS.
Nebraska City, Nebraska.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From two different sized orifices in a reservoir, the water runs with unequal velocities. We know that the orifices are in size as 5 to 13, and the velocities of the fluid are as 8 to 7. Now in a certain time there issued from the one 531 cubic feet more than there did from the other. How much water did each orifice discharge in this space of time?
WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the length of each side of an equilateral triangle whose area is ten (10) acres.
FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

What is the difference between a young girl and an old hat? Ans.—Merely one of time; one has feeling and the other has felt.

When do you indulge in your most extravagant repast? Ans.—When you have a piano for tea (forte.)

Why is a heartless kiss like a city stage on a cold day? Ans.—Because it's a 'bus with no warmth in it.

Answers to Last.

TRANSPOSITION—Band, (sand, wand, land, hand, bend, bind, bond, bald, hard, bane, bank, bang.) RIDDLE—Emily, of Baltimore.

A Question of Science—Do Metals Grow?

It is supposed by many that the metals were formed or deposited in some past age of the world by the agency either of heat or water, during some great convulsions of Nature, such as have not been witnessed in the period embraced by written history or tradition. There are reasons for doubting the reliability of this opinion. That various mineral substances are now in process of formation or development is certain. For instance, the formation of stone is as apparent as its disintegration. On the beach at Lynn, Mass., (says the *Scientific American*), may be seen a conglomeration of clay and siliceous sand, impregnated with ferrous oxide, in all stages, from the separated particles to the layers of hardened rock. These rocks are merely the particles of sand, cohered and agglutinated by means of the clay and the oxide of iron, the salt water acting as a solvent of the softer particles, and the sun's rays compacting and baking all together in one mass. So, also, we know that coal is being formed from peat. The intermediate stage is lignite or "brown coal," which, in turn, becomes coal.

It is morally certain that gold, silver, copper, and some other metals are now in process of formation or deposition. Abandoned silver mines in Peru have been found rich in aborescent deposits of the metals on the walls of galleries unused for many years. A gold-bearing region after having been goodly after the lapse of a few years. So with copper. In the Siberian mines not only the precious carbonate known as malachite, but the metal itself, in a state of almost absolute purity, is deposited on the walls, roofs, and floors of galleries run under the earth's surface. In some places it appears in masses, and in others as tree-like formations, with trunk and branches similar to a delicate moss. What becomes of all the gold and silver unavoidably wasted in the process of manufacture and the wear of transmission from hand to hand currency? It is well known that with all the care exercised in the manufacture of these precious metals, an appreciable portion of them is utterly wasted; at least so distributed as to be incapable of being collected and used again. Is it annihilated? The teachings of science prove this to be impossible. Nothing is ever wasted. If the particles are thrown into the atmosphere, they must in time seek the earth's surface. Are they attracted by some unknown power to certain localities, and if not why should not the streets of a busy city become in time deposits of the precious metals? Perhaps, after all, the old alchemists had an inspiration of what may yet become an *au fait accompli*. When we understand the wonderful processes of Nature's laboratory, we may possibly imitate her, and grow our own metals as we now do our own vegetables; or we may find the philosopher's stone, and actually collect the particles of metals, if we cannot transmute a base mineral into one of the precious metals.